

WEATHER FORECAST

N-W. winds; fair and cold. Sunday—N. and N. E. gales, with snow.

The Evening Advocate

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE FISHERMEN'S PROTECTIVE UNION OF NEWFOUNDLAND

Vol. XI., No. 4.

ST. JOHN'S, SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1924.

PRICE: TWO CENTS

CENTRAL
UNION

SMOKE AND ENJOY
WORKER

MOOSE
HEAD

Thousands Homeless By French Floods

TURKESTAN EARTHQUAKE DESTROYS TWO VILLAGES

Refuses To Make Detailed Statement

Venezelos not Optimistic of Greek Internal Situation — Will Stay in Greece only so Long as is Necessary.

ATHENS, Jan. 4.—Former premier Venezelos, who reached here early this morning, refused to make a detailed statement, but from his general remarks to Colonel Plastiras, head of the Revolutionary committee, and several officers and newspaper men who met him, it is inferred he does not take a very optimistic view of the internal political situation. He did not intend to stay long, he said, but would remain until he thought his presence was no longer necessary.

RETIRE FROM ACTIVE POLITICS

SIR LOMER GOUIN WILL YET RETAIN SEAT IN COMMONS

MONTREAL, Jan. 4.—Sir Lomer Gouin has quit active public service for good, he informed the press this morning. It is understood, however, he will retain his seat in the house of Commons for the present.

'SINKING CONDITION' IS RADIO CRY

Winnipeg, Jan. 4.—Interviewed by long distance telephone to-day, at his home at Pipestone, Manitoba, Robert Forke, Progressive Leader, said that to his knowledge there had been no recent negotiations official or otherwise, having as their objective any formal association of the Liberal and Progressive parties with Progressive representation in the cabinet.

MAY BECOME WATER PORT

QUEBEC, Jan. 4.—An open channel from the sea to Quebec and Montreal during the winter months is not an idle dream, but a distinct possibility, according to Professor Howard T. Barnes, former Director of Physics at McGill University, who is at present on board the C. G. S. Lady Grey, for the purpose of studying ice conditions in the river and the effect of the present low level on the movement of the ice in the spring. Dr. Barnes is of opinion that Quebec and Montreal may in future be open ports all the year round, and this in a short time than is now expected. The river would never entirely freeze over, he said, were it not for the accumulation of ice dams. He said the harnessing of the St. Lawrence power would more than pay for the project.

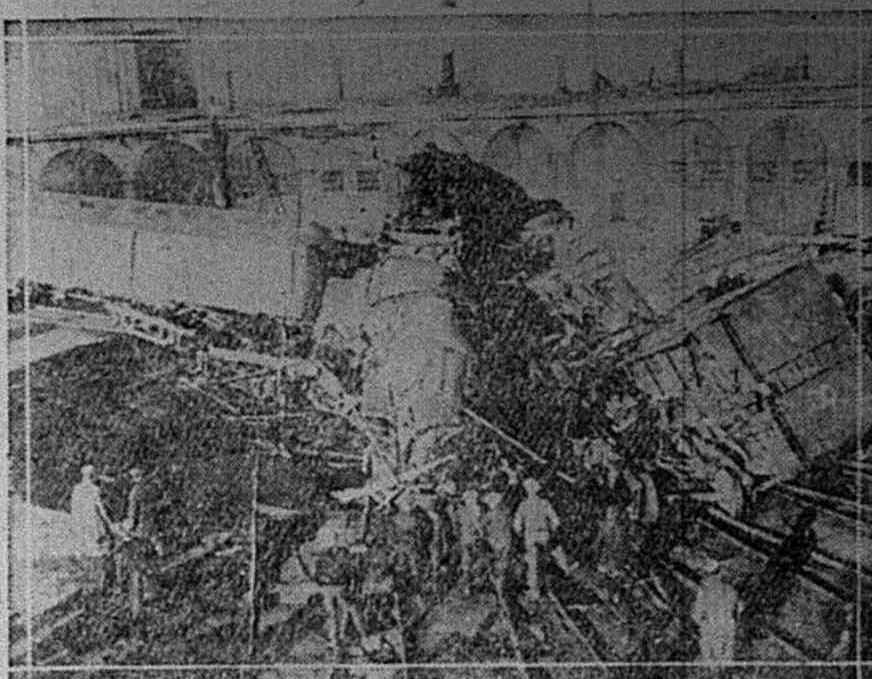
Newspaper Office On Fire

NEW YORK, Jan. 4.—The New York World pressroom was the origin of a blaze that swept up the elevator shaft to-night and chased the news and lithograph staff from their offices on the twelfth and thirteenth floors.

From the Valley of the King's

Luxor, Jan. 4.—The sarcophagus of Pharaoh Tutankhamen has been found in the monarch's tomb in the valley of the kings. This long sought treasure of antiquity lay within the fourth casket and is of white and red granite.

ADVERTISE IN THE "ADVOCATE"



A TRAIN, AN OPEN SWITCH, AN ENGINE, A WRECK! FIVE SERIOUSLY HURT

Five persons were seriously injured and a score of others badly bruised when the Omaha train on the Minneapolis, St. Paul, and Omaha Railroad leaped into an open switch at St. James, Minn., hurling two locomotives into a turntable. Engineer E. Egerman was seriously burned when he took the plunge into the pit with his locomotive; Joe Harris, fireman, leaped through the cab window and was injured internally, while H. Oslund, an hostler, was buried beneath the debris for more than three hours. The turntable was completely demolished.

French Leave Homes In Thousands From Menace of Floods

Over 5,000 Houses Flooded Along the Marne, While The Seine Waters Have Trapped Whole Families In Paris Outskirts.

POLICE AUTHORITIES FACED DIFFICULT RESCUE PROBLEMS.

PARIS, Jan. 5.—The rise of flood waters of the Seine is slower today than yesterday, but the level reached during the night was sufficient to cover a large area of new territory. This compelled thousands of waterboard people to take safety in boats or rely on boat services for supplies. Many of the big apartment buildings in large towns just west of the city, such as Asnieres, Colombes and Argenteuil, have been cut off. Authorities found it impossible to get all the inhabitants out of the buildings so short of omnibus service were they. The number of people driven from their homes during the day was increased by several thousand. Along the Marne more than four thousand houses have been flooded and surrounded by water.

Political Reports Are Denied

WASHINGTON, Jan. 4.—The United States Government has sold five thousand Enfield rifles, five million rounds of ammunition and eight airplanes to the Obregon Government of Mexico. The terms were half cash and the remainder at thirty days.

COALITION TO DUST SMUTS

PRETORIA, S. A., Jan. 4.—The Labor Party, at its annual conference, here to-day, confirmed the agreement tentatively entered into some time ago between the Labor and Nationalist parties of South Africa, the avowed object of which is to join forces to oust General Smuts from the premiership and to prevent the Smuts government from profiting by a three-cornered contest in the next general election.

Was Outside the "Limit" Says Enquiry

LONDON, Jan. 4.—Investigation by British authorities into the case of the British ship Tomoka, claimed to have been seized by the United States authorities, showed the Tomoka to have been outside the three-mile limit.

REQUEST BY BRITISH GOVT.

200-Case Cargo of Tomoka Must be Handed over, Says John Bull

New York, Jan. 4.—Great Britain's request to the United States for release from bail of the nine Canadian and British sailors of the rum ship commanded by "Rummy Bill" McCoy, was accompanied by the demand that the Tomoka and her 200 case cargo, impounded here, be turned back by the owners.

The Lure of Mexican Dollars

Huge Quantities of Munitions Sold to Mexico Federalists by America

SEATTLE, Jan. 4.—The Kyosai Maru and the Harold Dollar, in distress, were said to be in about the same position each in the Pacific Ocean, about a thousand miles off the coast of Washington. The message caught by radio said: "Leaking badly, rudder chain broken, in sinking condition; in immediate need of help. Empress of Russia two hundred miles away."

The schooner Gordon T. Tibbo has arrived at Grand Bank with a cargo of salt to S. Tibbo & Sons, from Oporto.

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FLOUR**

Means Quality

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Seasonable Clothing
for Your Boy Means Good
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BOYS' OVERCOATS
In Durable Mixed Tweeds. The Latest Styles at very Attractive Prices.

BOYS' REEFERS
Regulation Heavy Blue Nap with Brass Buttons. Fit 3 to 8 years, 5.90 to 7.40.

BOYS' MACKINAW COATS
Just the right Coat for romping boys.

BOYS' LEATHER LEGGINGS
Our Special—Real Leather with 3 straps, 1.30 pair.

BOYS' ALL WOOL SCARVES
These are exceptional value—79c., 98c., 1.10 up

BOYS' CAPS
Pullman Shape, 1.40. Black Fold, 1.10. 1.60 up. Nansen 1.35

BOYS' GLOVES
All Wool, 1.00 pair. Scout Gauntlets, Lined, 1.20 pair.

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SHORT RUBBERS — LONG RUBBERS.

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Steamship Co.

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FIRST CLASS
S.S. YANKTON

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GEO. NEAL, Limited.

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If you're buying Furniture for the New Year, call on us for the right goods at the right price.

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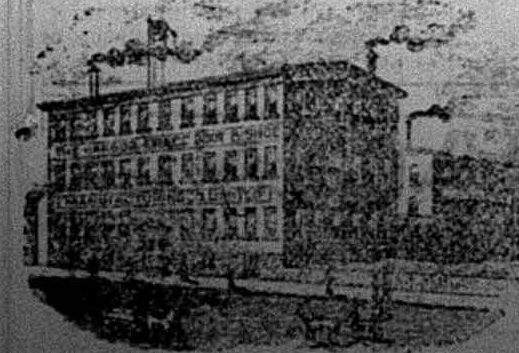
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Don't place that insurance on your life, until you have investigated this splendid policy—its popularity is phenomenal.

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SHOE MFG. CO. LTD.
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Whispering Smith

CHAPTER I.

The Wrecking Boss

News of the wreck at Smoky Creek reached Medicine Bend from Point of Rocks at five o'clock. Sinclair, in person, was overseeing the making up of his wrecking train, and the yard usually quiet at that hour of the morning, was alive with the hurry of men and engines. In the train-master's room of the weather beaten headquarters building, nicknamed by railway men "The Wickiup," early comers—sleepy-faced, keen-eyed trainmen—lounged on the tables and in chairs discussing the reports from Point of Rocks, and among them crew-callers and messengers moved in and out. From the door of the big operator's room, pushed at intervals abruptly open, burst a blaze of light and the current crash of many keys; within, behind glass screens, alert, smooth-faced boys in shirt sleeves rained calls over the wires or bent with flying pens, above clips, taking incoming messages. At one end of the room, headless of the strain on the division, press despatches and cablegrams clicked in monotonous relay over commercial wires; while at the other, operators were taking from the despatcher's room the train orders and the hurried dispositions made for the wreck emergency by Anderson, the assistant superintendent. At a table in the alcove the chief operator was trying to reach the division superintendent at Sleepy Cat; calls of the despatcher and clearing the line for Sinclair and the wrecking gang. Two minutes after the wrecking train reported ready they had their orders and were pulling out of the upper yard, with right of way over everything to Point of Rocks.

The wreck had occurred just west of the creek. A fast east-bound freight train, double-headed, had left the track on the long curve around the hill, and when the wrecking train hacked through Ten Shed Cut the sun streamed over the heaps of twisted cars strung all the way from the point of the curve to the foot of Smoky Hill. The crew of the train that lay in the ditch walked slowly up the track to where the wreckers pulled up, and the freight conductor asked for Sinclair. Men rigging the derrick pointed to the hind car. The conductor, swinging up the caboose steps, made his way inside among the men that were passing out tools. The air within was bluish-thick with tobacco smoke, but through the haze the freightman saw facing him, in the

The Best Returns

Can be secured by using Ammonium Sulphate. It is the best fertilizer extant for hayfield or garden. By its use large crops are assured. Sold in large or small quantities by

The St. John's
Gas Light Co.

Phone 81, Gas Works
N.B.—Orders taken at "Calvers,"
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Enquiries solicited.



Heat and inflame Minard's. Rub it on throat and chest. It clears the head and breaks up the cold.

Minard's prevents—relieves
MINARD'S
"KING OF PAIN"
LINIMENT

far corner of the den-like interior, a man seated behind an old dining table, finishing his breakfast; one glimpse was enough to identify Sinclair, foreman of the bridges and boss of the wrecking gang.

Beside him stood a steaming coffee tank, and in his right hand he held an enormous tin cup that he was about to raise to his mouth when he saw the freight conductor. With a laugh, Sinclair threw up his left hand and beckoned him over. Then he shook his head just a little, tossed back his head, opened an unusual mouth, drained the cup at a gulp, and cursing the freightmen fraternally, ex-

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Bronchitis,
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A Splendid Tonic for Debauched
Women and Children

Prepared by
DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO.
Manufacturing Chemists, Montreal

claimed, "How many cars have you ditched this time?"

The trainman, a sober-faced fellow, answered dryly, "All I had."

"Running too fast, eh?" glared Sinclair.

With the box cars piled forty feet high on the track, the conductor was too old a hand to begin a controversy. "Our time's fast" was all he said.

Sinclair rose and exclaimed, "Come on!" And the two, leaving the car, started up the track. The wrecking boss paid no attention to his companion as they forged ahead, but where the train had hit the curve he scanned the track as he would a blue print. "They'll have your scalp for this," he declared abruptly.

"I reckon they will."

"What's your name?"

"Stevens."

"Looks like all day for you, doesn't it? No matter; I guess I can help you out."

Where the merchandise cars lay,



THE FIXTURE THAT ADDS CHARM

to a room is the one that appeals to you as a lover of the artistic, and at the same time you want one that is useful—one that gives warm, soft radiance and enough light. Our electric fixtures are of that type. Better look into this.

ST. JOHN'S LIGHT &
POWER Co., Ltd.

Angel Building

below the switch, the train crew knew that a tramp had been caught. At intervals they heard groans under the wreckage which was piled high there. Sinclair stopped at the derrick and the conductor went on to where the brakeman had enlisted two of Sinclair's giants to help get out the tramp. A brake beam had crushed the man's legs, and the pallor of his face showed that he was hurt internally, but he was conscious and moaned softly. The men had started to carry him to the way car when Sinclair came up, and asked what they were doing, and ordered them back to the wreck. They hastily laid the tramp down. "But he wants water," protested a brakeman who was walking behind, carrying his arm in a sling.

"Water!" bawled Sinclair. "Have my men get nothing to do but carry water to a tramp? Get ahead there and help load those refrigerators. He'll find water fast enough. Let the damned hobo crawl down to the creek after it."

The tramp was too far gone for resentment; he had fainted when they laid him down, and his half-glazed eyes, staring at the sky, gave no evidence that he heard anything.

The sun rose hot, for in the Red Desert sky there is rarely a cloud. Sinclair took the little hill nearest the switch to hellow his orders from, running down among the men whenever necessary to help carry them out. Within thirty minutes, though apparently no impression had been made on the great heaps of splintered equipment, Sinclair had the job in hand.

Work such as this was the man's genius. In handling a wreck Sinclair was a marvel among mountain men. He was tall but not stout, with flashing brown eyes and a strength always equal to that of the best man in his crew. But his inspiration lay in destruction, and the more complete the better. There were no futile moves under Sinclair's quick eyes, no useless pulling and hauling, no false grappling; but like a raven at a feast, every time his derrick-beak plucked at the wreck, he brought something worth while away. Sinclair always had luck, and no confusion in day or night was great enough to drown his heavy tones or blur his rapid thinking.

(To be continued)

Forest Rangers Have No Sinecure

DUTIES ARE LEGION.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 27 (AP).—Fire fighting and fire prevention form but a small part of a forest ranger's duties. It is pointed out at headquarters of the California district of the United States forest service.

"Time was," said a ranger who works in one of the California national parks, "when if a fellow could wrangle horses and throw a diamond hitch he had about all the necessary qualifications to hold down his job of ranger. But no more."

"Mine is an ordinary-sized forest district, about 200,000 acres of rough mountainous country, mostly timbered, but with some grazing land, mining, water power sites and quite a number of summer homes and free public camps."

"Right now the best part of my work is handling timber sales, as I've got a gang of lumbermen cutting government timber on my district. I have to know all the trees and what they're good for; how to cruise and estimate the stand; how to mark green timber for cutting under forestry rules; all about scaling cut logs. I must see that the brush is piled and burned, and that the young trees left for a future crop are not injured or destroyed."

"Next comes supervision of cattle and sheep grazing. A ranger is supposed to be able to call all the forage plants by their first names; to know the different breeds of livestock; whether a range is under or over stocked and how much salt a steer or sheep ought to get in a season."

The hard and dangerous task of fire fighting, he explained, is a constant specter before the ranger. Combating a forest fire he termed "the meanest job in the world—bar none."

He added: "And I have to know how to build roads and trails, telephone lines, cabins, bridges, fences, corrals and lookout towers."

"Surveying with a compass is supposed to be 'pie' for a ranger, and he's got to be able to tell all about land lines, section corners, mining and homestead laws."

"On the side I examine mineral claims, take stream-flow measurements, record weather data, lay out sites for camps, post fire and distance direction signs in the woods."

The ranger has to assist him a deputy ranger and eight guards. To fight serious fires he must recruit and direct small armies of men. Incidentally, at odd moments in his cabin, he must wield a hasty typewriter, turning out frequent reports for the forest service.

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A. H. MURRAY & CO., LTD.
BECK'S COVE.
COAL OFFICE PHONE 1867.

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A good TONIC is what most people need at this season of the year. The changeable weather is hard on the system. Even those who take the best care of their health find at this time of the year the necessity of a good tonic.

BRICKS TASTELESS

will fix you up alright. It is very stimulating and reviving, giving new life and injecting vigor through the whole body.

Try a bottle today and note difference within a week.

BRICKS TASTELESS can be purchased at all general stores or direct from

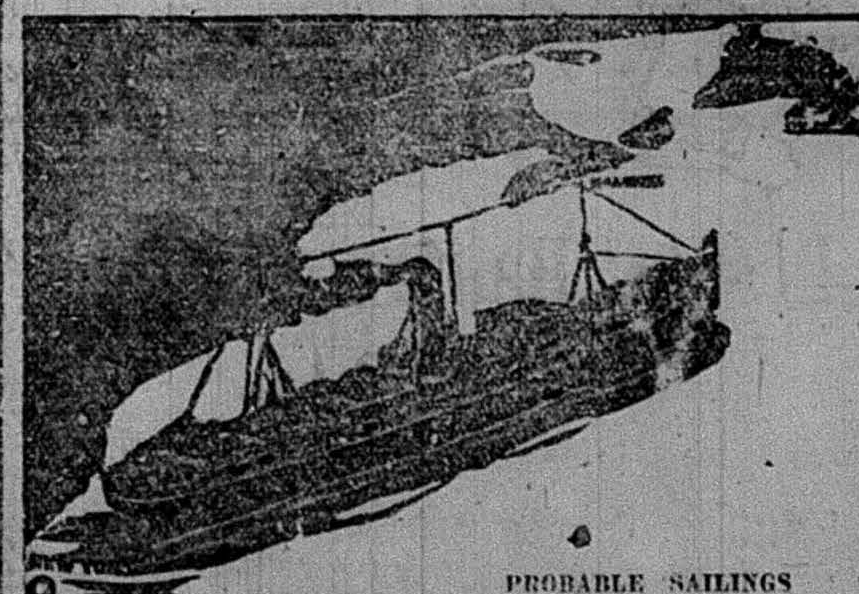
DR. STAFFORD & SON,
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December 19th ROSALIND	December 28th
December 29th SILVIA	January 5th
January 5th ROSALIND	January 12th

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WINTER PASSENGER RATES NOW EFFECTIVE.

HARVEY & CO., LTD., St. John's, Nfld. Agents
BOWRING & COMPANY, G. S. CAMPBELL & CO.,
17 Battery Place, Halifax, N.S.,
New York, General Agents.

DURING THE INDOOR MONTHS TOUCH UP WITH

"MATCHLESS"

the PAINT of QUALITY

and make your home attractive

ADVERTISE IN THE "ADVOCATE."

FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE

JUDY'S EARLY CHRISTMAS

SEVERAL weeks before Christmas came word from Grandma Elder. Judy sat at the breakfast table and listened to mother read the letter.

"Are you going to go away and leave me all alone on Christmas?" she asked.

"It does seem a pity," said Mr. Gray, "and yet—"

"I think," suggested Mrs. Gray, thoughtfully, "that we should do what papa asks. We may regret it afterwards if we don't."

"But it won't be any kind of a Christmas for me with both you and daddy away," pouted Judy. "Take me along, too. Oh, please do!"

Mrs. Gray shook her head. "It is a long trip and if you went you would have to miss a lot of school. No, I think you had better stay here with Nora."

"Nora's only my nurse, and I want to be with you when I celebrate Christmas," said Judy.

"It's time to go to school now," said her father, "run along, and mother and I will think of a plan so we can all have Christmas together."

"I have an idea," said Mrs. Gray. "We will have to leave on the sixteenth to reach papa's in time, so let us give Judy her Christmas on the fifteenth, the day before we go. We'll just pretend it's the twenty-fifth, and have a tree and give her our presents then."

The next week was a busy one for the Grays. Mrs. Gray tried to secure a real Christmas tree, but in vain.

"Next week," said all the dealers, "we don't expect the train loads in until then."

But Mrs. Gray was determined that Judy should have her usual tree and she set to work to plan a way of arranging one. Judy, too, was making plans.

"You must take me in town today after school, Nora," she said one morning. "I'm going to use the money that was left over from my birthday check, and have my picture taken so mother and daddy can have a souvenir of me to take with them. You mustn't tell them, though, because it's to be a surprise."

Nora promised her and that afternoon while Mrs. Gray was out on her

Christmas tree hunt, Judy and Nora went to a photographer and Judy sat for her picture.

Judy's other plan was more abstract. She determined to hide from her mother and father her disappointment at being left home alone on Christmas Day. "I'll not spoil their good time," she told herself. "I'll just let them think I'm glad they're going to see Grandpa, and I am glad, too," she tried to convince herself.

"It's just about impossible to get a tree this early, you were right about that," said Mrs. Gray the next evening after Judy had gone to bed.

"Isn't Judy the little dear? I know she is unhappy because we are going away and yet she is trying so hard to be brave and hide her disappointment."

"I have thought of a plan," said Mr. Gray. "If all else fails we can use it."

When I was a little fellow I celebrated one Christmas by having measles. My mother did not want me to miss my tree, but she could not go out to buy one, so she made me a Christmas tree out of our wooden clothes tree.

"What a splendid idea," laughed Mrs. Gray. "That is just what we shall do for our little stay-at-home. I'll bring down all the tree ornaments from last year and hang them on Judy's clothes tree."

"And I will try to get some tree branches to hide the wood," said Mr. Gray. "Our little pet shall have as fine a tree as we can make."

Judy had been secretly wondering if she would have a tree on this lonely Christmas day, but she did not say anything about it to her mother. For that lady, she thought, was quite busy enough packing trunks without bothering about a Christmas tree.

Judy's secret developed beautifully. The photographer took special pains to make the pictures perfect. And Judy with Nora's help made and painted a cardboard frame in which to place the portrait. Little did she suspect that other surprises were in

the wind. On the day of the fifteenth mother kept the doors of the parlor closed and casually remarked that it was the day to clean the halls and she did not want the best room to get dusty. Judy was too busy with her own plans even to be suspicious. The frame must be completed that afternoon so mother and daddy might be presented with it that evening. Their train left at eight the next morning.

Supper was a lively affair. Judy was excited at the thought of presenting her surprise. Mother and daddy kept up a rapid fire line of talk and stories as much to hide their own grief at the parting as to make Judy forget hers. After the meal was over daddy put his arm around his little girl's shoulder and led her down the hall. The parlor doors were open but the room was dark.

"Let's go in here and have a comfy chat," said mother. "Judy, you press the button."

Judy pressed and—"Oh, Mother!



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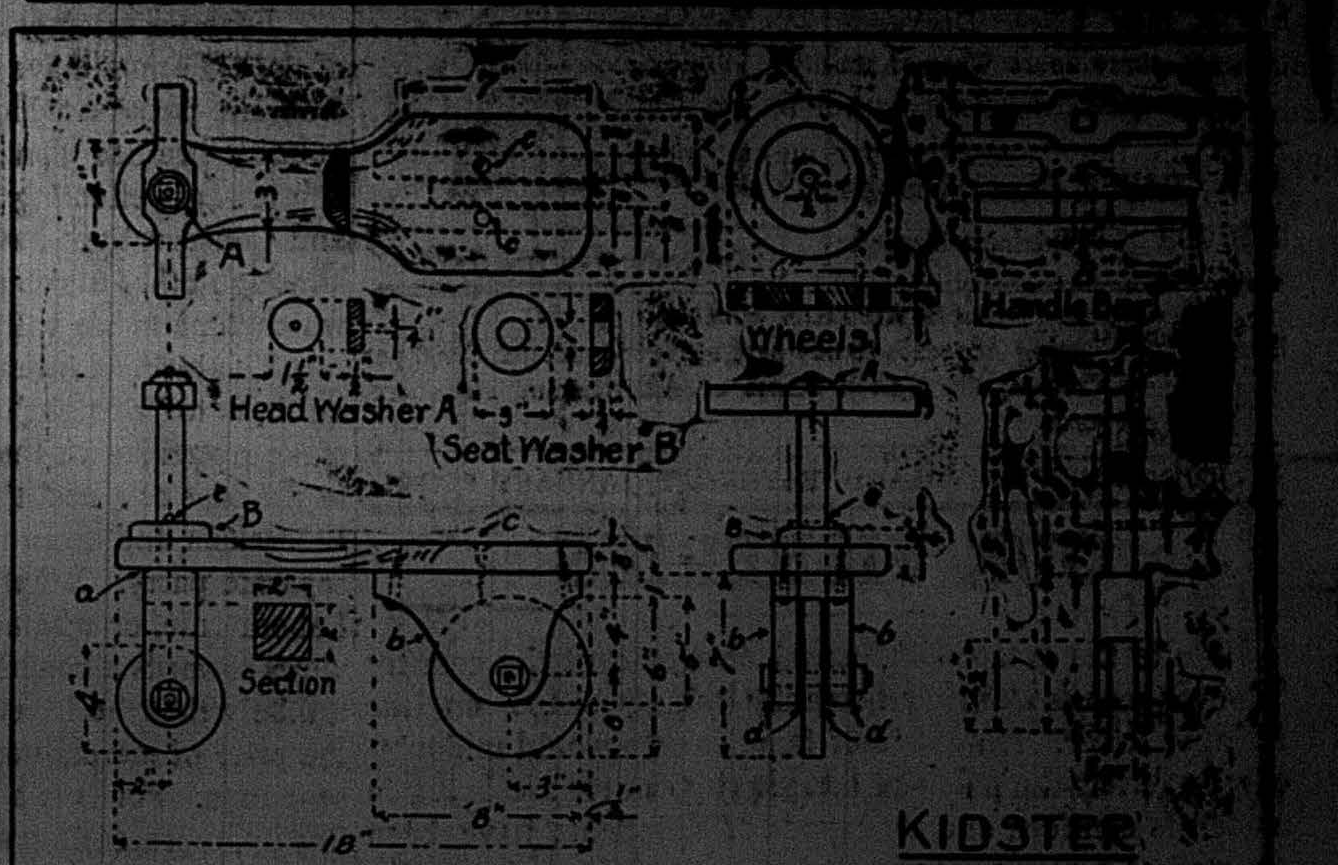
Daddy! When did you ever? A Christmas tree! And we can enjoy it together! O—oh—oh! for me! Mother! Daddy!" cried Judy as the light revealed the home made Christmas tree in the center of the room. It was Judy's own clothes tree so carefully concealed by real fir tree branches, and so beautifully hung with electric lights and glistening ornaments and beaded garlands that it would have taken a very observant eye to detect the ruse. Judy jumped up and down before the tree and clapped her hands with delight. Then into the room from the kitchen trooped Nora and Katie and Bridget all bearing their Christmas offerings for their little Miss who was celebrating her early Christmas. Judy's mouth opened in a broad grin and refused to shut.

"It's the most wonderful Christmas I ever had," she laughed. And out of the room she bounced to return with her surprise for mother and daddy. Then the gifts were taken from the tree and when Judy saw the wooden arms of her clothes tree

her amusement and surprise knew no bounds. "I think you're just the nicest parents that ever were," she cried, hugging first one and then the other. "How did you ever think to do this for me?"

Such a happy evening as the little family had. There was real Christmas cheer in that home that night even though the real Christmas day was still ten days away. For the love and good spirit that glowed in their hearts marked the true Christmas meaning that is born of peace and happiness and love.

The HANDY BOY AT HOME



THE "Kidster" offers a fair substitute for big brother's bicycle which will make an appeal to the average youngster who has acquired sufficient skill in the ordinary method of progression to proceed easily, for in using the kidster both feet will rest upon the floor, and he will soon learn to manage it with no more bumps than he will experience in his daily activities or in acquiring any other interest in his young life.

While the sketch shows a kidster suitable for the youngest child likely to use it, the dimensions may be changed if desired; the seat may be made longer, wheels made larger, the fork and the rear bunk made higher, or a cushion may be fitted to the rear seat, the post of the fork being lengthened accordingly, but the methods of construction should be essentially the same.

Make the seat, rounding all corners carefully; bore a 1" hole for the fork which must be made from a piece of hard wood 2" square; the post being worked to 1" diameter and the hole in the seat filed large enough to be sure that the fork will turn freely, with a circular bearing at a, made by cutting the corners away as indicated, or if desired a metal collar may be placed there to receive the wear.

Make the rear bunks b, fasten with 1 1/2" No. 12 round head screws from the under side and with 1 1/2" No. 12 flat head screws through the top at c, countersinking the hole so the head will be just flush with the top of the seat. Make wheels of hard wood as shown, bore a 1/2" hole in the middle of each, one in the fork and another through the rear bunks; the

same.

Make the seat washer b of hard wood and glue it firmly in place; the handle bar, the head washer a, and cut the square on the top of the post to receive the handle bar. Put the fork in place being sure that the post turns freely but not loosely; bore a 1/4" hole at e to receive a dowel or meat skewer 2" long to hold the seat and fork together. See that all pieces are ready to assemble, and paint them to suit; when dry, wax all places where friction is likely to occur, assemble, and the kidster is ready for use.

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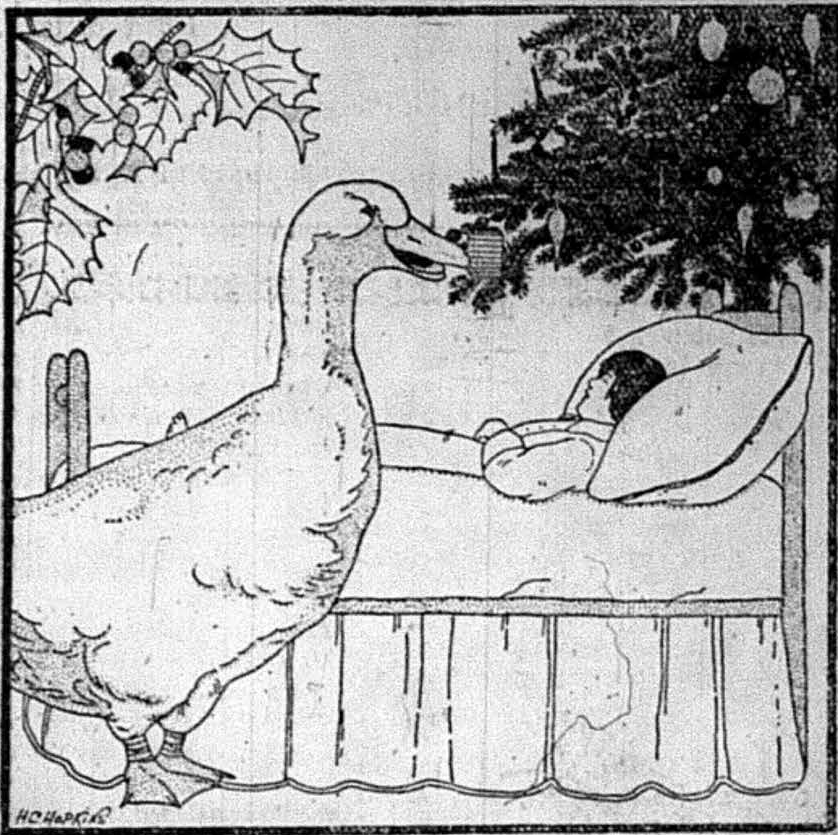
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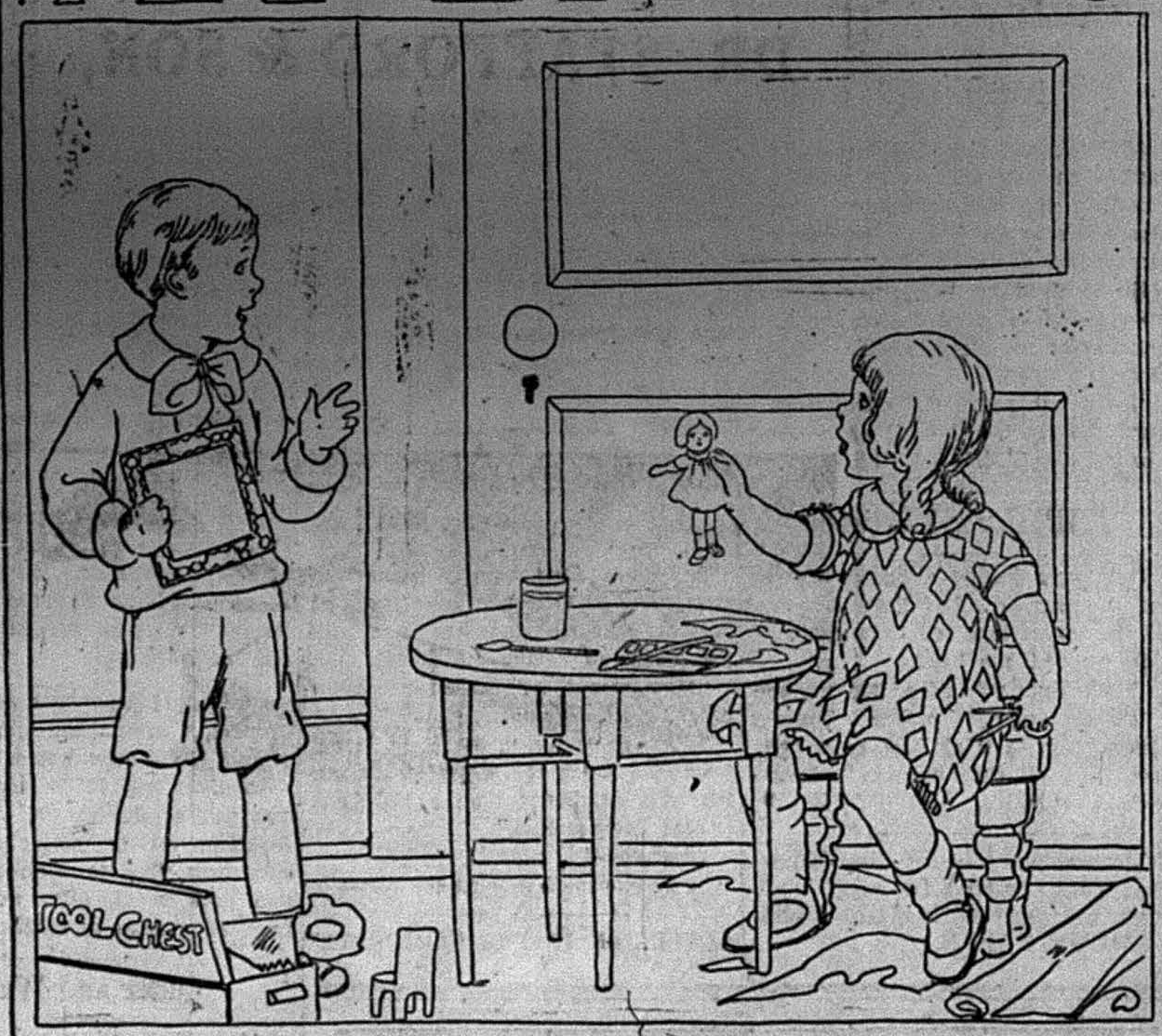
LITTLE TOMMY TUCKER



CHRISTMAS DREAMS

IN merrie England I am sure you children all must know. The goose, and not the turkey, is the bird of feast and show. So Christmas always found me with two visions in my head—The goose all brown and steaming and the tree of gold and red. At night in dreams my little bed was sheltered by a pine, Whose fragrant branches bent beneath its treasures—all were mine! And towering up above me, like a hill with snowy hood, That Christmas goose, immensely fat and tempting, always stood.

WORDS USED AS TO AUTOMOBILES



(To be colored with paints or crayons. Whenever you come to a word spelled in CAPITAL letters use that color.)

THE border of this picture should be dark PURPLE and the letters of course, are the same but the spaces between should be YELLOW.

"Look," says YELLOW-haired Jane, "here is a paper doll for Susie. I have just colored her hair YELLOW and made a nice GREEN crepe paper dress for her." The roll of crepe paper on the floor is GREEN, too. Jane's dress has light GREEN diamond shapes all over it and her collar and cuffs are light YELLOW with GREEN edges. Her shoes are TAN (use BROWN and YELLOW mixed). The table Jane is working at is YELLOW and her paint brushes have long RED handles. There is a paint box with RED, BLUE, GREEN, YELLOW and BROWN squares in it. The glass of water is BLUE.

"That's bully!" cries BROWN-haired James. "See this picture frame. I made it for Mother. I painted the GREEN and RED holly on it myself!" The mat in the frame is BROWN. James has a big RED tie and BROWN trousers. His blouse is light YELLOW with white collar and cuffs. His RED tool chest is in front of him and the letters on the cover are painted YELLOW. There is a YELLOW handled saw in the box. The chest has YELLOW handles. James made the little BROWN chair, too. The carpet is BLUE and the wall paper is lighter BLUE. The door is BROWN but the knob, frame of the door and the wainscoting is white. James has BROWN shoes and stockings. Jane sits on a BROWN-legged stool. It has a BLUE cushion on it. Both Jane and James have PINK (use RED lightly) cheeks. The

scissors in Jane's hand are YELLOW and so are the paper doll's shoes.

Christmas Hurry

NOW, mother, hurry! Nothing more. We've got to do but shut the door, While baby's playing on the floor! Oh, you've already kissed her! We've got so much to hunt for yet We won't remember half, I bet, Unless we hurry! Don't forget Aunt Jol. Suppose we missed her! You know she said she'd meet us there, And she is Santa's friend for fair! Spends money like 'twas made of air. Dad says—and never minds it!

I think she's ranged with Santa Claus To have him bring a train of cars That won't break down from any cause— If only daddy winds it. And then—oh, mother, hurry, please! We've got to find the Christmas trees! I know it's going to snow and freeze— It won't be just a flurry! And if we get to town too late I'm sure that Santa Claus won't wait— He might be gone, at any rate— So won't you, won't you hurry?

Words Used As To Automobiles

IN connection with the automobile many words from various languages are in every day use. "Automobile" itself comes from two languages, and in this respect it is different from most English words. Usually a single language is enough in the formation of an English word. "Automobile" comes from the Greek word "autos," meaning "self," and the Latin word "mobilis," which means "movable." As applied to a car the English word signifies "moving itself" or requiring no outside propelling force.

"Fender" is from the Latin word "fendere," to "shove off" or "protect." "Carburetor" comes from the Latin word "carbo," equivalent to our "carbon." "Chassis" is a French word, originally used to indicate the supporting frame of a gun carriage, and very naturally applied to the supporting frame of a motor car. "Magneo" comes from the Greek word "magnes," equivalent to our modern word "magnet." "Accelerator" is formed from a Latin word "accelerare," the English equivalent of which is "to hasten." "Pedal" is from the Latin word for "foot," because it is worked by pressure of the foot. "Transmission" is formed from the Latin word "transmittere," equivalent to the English word "transmit." The "transmission" transmits the power of the engine.

Various types of automobiles took their names from various sources. "Limousine" was named for the town of "Limousin" (Limoges). The "landaulet" was named for the German town of Landau. The "brougham" was called for Lord Brougham, an English nobleman.

"Garage" is taken bodily from the French language and is akin to the French word "gare," meaning railway station—a place for cars. "Chauffeur" is also French and literally means "fireman" in the sense of locomotive fireman. On French hotel bills a guest who has had an open fire in his

room finds that he is charged extra for "chauffage," meaning "fire."

Puzzle Corner

DIAMOND

My first is in capitol.
My second is an article.
My third is brain work.
My fourth is a jolly old man's entrance to the house.
My fifth is boredom.
My sixth are the letters K. E. L.
My seventh is in eternity.

FOUND IN YULETIDE

A musical instrument
A fish
Two boys' names
A pre-arranged combat
Lazy
A musical performance
Part of you
Obligation
To allow
Neat

DIAMOND

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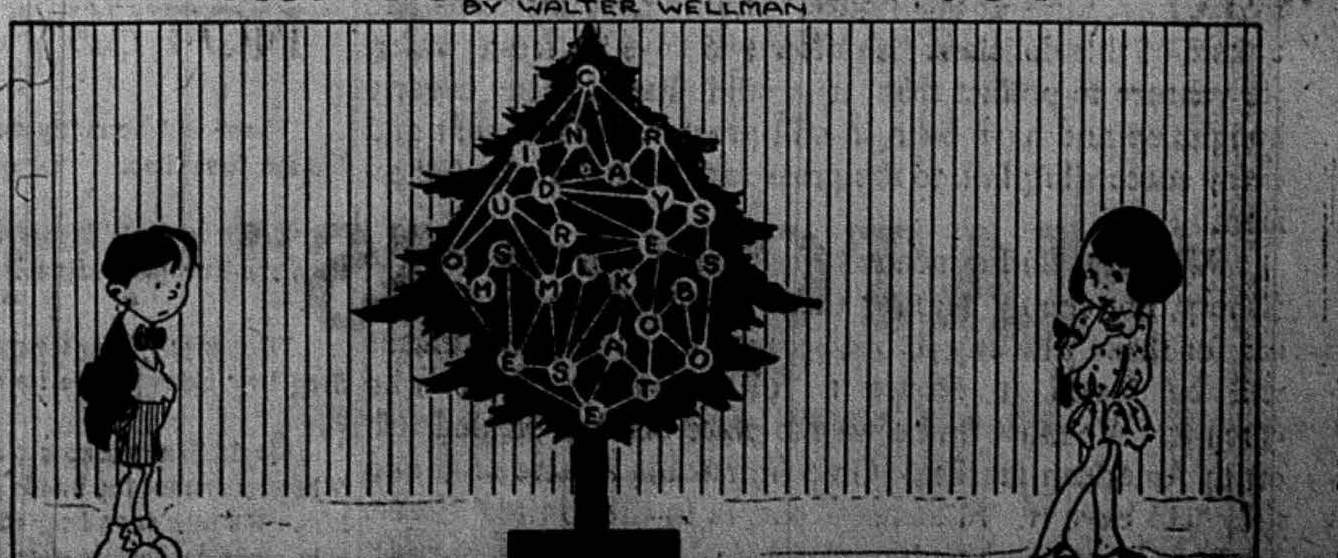
FOUND IN YULETIDE — LUTE, EEL, TED, ELI, DUEL, IDLE, DUST, EYE, DUTY, LET, TIDY. TRY TO HELP THEM OUT—Skates, sled, book, candy, drum, radio, dress, shoes.

Mrs. SANTA CLAUS



WHO do you suppose helps old Santa to make His pack full of dollies and toys? Who do you suppose makes the good Christmas cakes And candies for you girls and boys? Why who but a woman could do all these things? And how do I know this?—Because 'Tis only a lady could choose chains and rings That are tasty. Meet dear Mrs. Claus! Old Santa Claus' wife of whom nobody knows I'm sure she is jolly and fat, With fur topped red slippers to cuddle her toes And squirrel tail upon her snug hat. I'm sure that her dress must be wooly and red And her hands are both willing and strong, For 'tis she who designs all the dolls, books and sled And her work is made bright by a song. For who wouldn't love to be Santa Claus' wife And make-pretty things all the day, That're sure to bring pleasure to some kiddies' life When they're given on Christmas day!

TRY TO HELP THEM OUT



They are told that they will receive as Christmas gifts, anything they can spell out in the name on the Christmas Tree. They can start with any letter, and proceed along any path to another letter and so on. Can you help them to make out a list of acceptable presents for Christmas?

The Evening Advocate

ANTI-LABOR METHODS

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The Weekly Advocate.

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Our Motto: "SUUM CUIQUE"



W. F. COAKER, General Manager
R. HIBBS, Business Manager

"To Every Man His Own"

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ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND, SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1924.

OUR FISHERIES

Quite the greatest industrial development the country has ever seen is slowly but steadily taking shape on the Humber River. Hundreds of families who would undoubtedly have felt the pinch of hunger this winter are living in moderate comfort, and thousands of bad debts have been squared as a result. The prophets of evil have been discomfited and events are happening every day to justify the wisdom of the electorate in refusing to "change horses crossing the stream."

We are free to confess, however, to a certain measure of impatience, that while there is every prospect of advancing prosperity as a result of the Humber and kindred operations, there are no signs that brains and capital are doing very much either to catch or to market our greatest source of wealth.

It is a fact that since the appearance of the motor engines the large fishing boats have disappeared from the northern harbours. At Bonavista, for instance, which is the greatest local fishing grounds in Newfoundland waters, a solitary little schooner is all that remains of a great fleet of her kind. These boats used to fish at the Wadhams, the Groais Islands, the harbours of the N. E. French Shore, the Straits and Labrador. They have disappeared partly as a result of the railway which has solved the problem of getting fuel, and partly because the motor boats can reach the offer grounds more speedily during the prevailing light winds of summer. Forty years ago one of these sail boats demonstrated the fact that a great fishing bank existed not many miles off the Cape. This bank has never since been visited. And now with the motor skiffs in use it cannot be. The risk in a small boat is too great and the boats are too small to make the outlay of gear for the great depth of water, a paying venture. Fishing boats and gear such as are used in winter on the Rose Blanche banks, are required to fish the offer Bonavista Banks in summer. They will fish with less risk and secure great returns. It is the exception on the West Coast for boats in winter to set out their gear more than four days a week. It would be the exception on the northern grounds in summer to lay out the trawls less than four days a week.

The fall catch at Bonavista this year was about one-third of what it ought to have been, though the weather was summerlike during most of October. The shortage was due partly to scarcity of men, owing to the prevailing low price of fish, and partly to the scarcity of suitable boats to accommodate all who wanted to fish, and partly to the uncertainty of the hand-to-mouth system of securing bait (which is the same as prevailed 400 years ago), but chiefly to the fact that the boats were not able to bring in all the fish that might have been caught, in a day's work. The call, even for the fall shore fishery, is for bigger boats.

It was a real pleasure, too, this fall, to meet a successful fisherman with his dray loads of splendid fish on his way to the merchants' stores. The reason of his sprightly walk, his bright eye, and pleasant smile, was that he was satisfied with the price given for his fish. It was good fish. After four days in pickle it was washed out, given about 3 or 4 days' skin and then sold at \$6.00. It was eagerly bought up by the merchants at this figure. If only the Americans had a taste of this delicious fish after two days in fresh water, we venture to predict that it would have been eagerly bought up and have been in still greater demand next and every succeeding fall, to the great satisfaction of the fishermen.

We must find a means to bring our men back to the fishery, not simply because there is untold wealth in the sea for those who buy it, but because we believe that means will be found to secure a full price for those who catch it. We must find a way to place our fall pickled fish on the American market. Give Americans a taste of it and they will have it. Millions of people in the United States ought to be eating Newfoundland fish, and we shall not rest satisfied until some real efforts are made to send them more fish and more varieties of fish than we do today. It is this which makes us impatient, that the wealth of the land is being developed while the inexhaustible stores of splendid fish food remain "in statu quo."

The political situation between the three "minority" parties in Britain becomes more acute as the date fixed for the opening of the Commons approaches.

Fervish attempts by financial groups and by politicians of the old school have been made to debar the Labour Party from the position which its phenomenal rise in British political life has won for that party. These efforts, which aim towards effecting a workable union between Liberals and Conservatives have so far failed in their purpose although other movements may yet develop, the success of which time alone will prove.

The evident intention of Liberalism, under Mr. Asquith, is to "sit tight" and await developments rather than make overtures to the Conservatives whose larger forces, in the case of a coalition against Labour, would submerge Liberalism and erase it from the British political field as a separate party. Whatever may be the Liberal aversion to Labour rule, or whatever may be certain individual Liberal views towards a coalition boycott of the Labour Party, it is unlikely that the Liberals, as a party, will risk extinction as the price of merely keeping Labour out of office at the present time. For it is a certainty that a Liberal-Conservative line up, representing, as it could be made to appear, a Union of capitalism and monied interests against the working classes, would eventually result in a greatly victorious Labor Party coming into office when such an unhealthy lineup will have gone the way of all such political expediences. As has been remarked in these columns before, the Labor Party, who are not anxious to assume office under present conditions but who will attempt to do so if required, have much to gain by waiting and could, very clearly, welcome an unreal partnership of Liberalism and Toryism, that would make Labour the alternate political party in Britain.

Such considerations, combined with the fact that the Laborites, in their present numbers, can be controlled regarding matters of a radical nature, are influencing the Asquith and Lloyd George policy of giving Laborites a chance to wear themselves out in the hard harness of governmental responsibility.

In a recent article in the London Daily Chronicle, Lloyd George expressing the view that the Tories cannot continue in office under present circumstances, states that when Parliament meets on Jan. 8th, there will be a vote of "No Confidence," which would be moved by the Laborites. "All those," he writes, "who are returned to oppose the present administration, are in duty bound to vote for that motion," the sequel to which would be the summoning of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald.

"To deprive the leaders of the Labour Party of their legitimate chance would be a fraud on the British Constitution," was Lloyd George's pronouncement.

Nevertheless, there is a real fear in Britain of the radicalism of Labour at the present critical juncture in home and foreign affairs. Against this, however, and apart from the real limitations of a minority Labour Government, it is not reasonable to remember that some of the most brilliant minds of Britain are Laborites, who have occupied very responsible public positions, who have proven their real sincerity and worth as Britishers, and who are honestly in politics to serve their country. As in the statement of Mr. J. H. Thomas, no extremism may be expected or will be permitted; and as was declared by the Labour Party during the election campaign:

"We do not expect to work miracles; we shall have to go step by step; placing one stone, then another; not trying to do everything at the same time, but never losing sight of the complete and glorious new order at which we aim."

Is there any extremism there? There may be extreme elements in the British Labour Party, as in all parties, but the heart of Labour as a whole will be proven sound and sincere. Time, responsibility of office, and practical government will have its effect upon mere idealism, but will also disillusion those who regard the Labour Party to-day as reactionaries, concerned more with the search for office, than the general welfare of their country.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

There will be many now, who will get a seat in the Upper House for the first time.

From to-day's despatches, Premier Smuts will have more to solve than the European situation.

"Bonanza" is not exactly the word for the Valley of the Kings. Stag Bay pales before its unearthed treasures.

Uncle Sam shows a clever propensity to make money out of wars. When he cannot lay hands on British sterling, Mexican dollars will suit him. We may soon hear that the Monroe doctrine gives Uncle Sam the sole right to deal in war traffic with their turbulent neighbours, the Mexicans.

Where international honor is involved, John Bull finds himself able to take up the cudgels for "Rummy Bill" McCoy.

Hear the Hon. F. M. B. Fisher, defeated Conservative, at the



"THE KID" HAS A PARISIAN RIVAL—HERE HE IS
Little Maurice Siquist, three-year-old French rival of our own Jackie Coogan, is seen at the telephone. He has just completed the "Secré de Polichinelle."

hands of Trevelyan, Laborite for Newcastle, make a speech before Polling Day.

"On the night that Mr. Trevelyan declared for the Red Flag I arrived at the determination that if our Party was agreeable to accept me as their candidate at the next election I would pursue Mr. Trevelyan not merely to the gates of Hell, but through Hell itself until I have stripped from his masthead the Red Flag and replaced it with the Union Jack."

Evidently, some Britishers still have widely Imperial schemes. Empire expansion may not yet be reached its limit, according to Fisher.

THE ENQUIRY ON MONDAY

The enquiry before Mr. Hollis Walker will start on Monday morning at 11 o'clock in the Legislative Council Chamber.

It is the intention to conduct the enquiry with the quickest possible dispatch, and morning and afternoon sessions of two hours' duration each, will be held continuously, if possible, until conclusion. There will be four official stenographers for the enquiry, who will take evidence in half-hour shifts and type it immediately after, so that newspapers will be furnished with official copies of the evidence and proceedings, from each sitting of the enquiry. Copies of evidence taken in the morning will be available for publication in the afternoon papers.

It is understood, however, that no objection will be taken to newspapers having their own reporters at the enquiry.

Not a Bird

A Subaltern had undertaken a short journey on duty and put in a bill for travelling expenses, which was not permissible as the journey had not exceeded five miles.

He received an "Objection Memo" from a Colonel Bird asking for his reasons for the claim, as the journey flies.

"I did not go as the crow flies," came the reply. "I went on a horse I am not a Bird."—Tit Bits.

Blushing Leaves

They were having a botany lesson, and the teacher asked the class why did the leaves turn red in autumn.

Up popped one hand. "Well, Tommy?" asked the teacher. "Please, miss," replied Tommy. "They blush to think how green they have been all the summer."—Pearson's Weekly.

Do you want to tell the Fishermen what you have for sale? Well, then, put your ad in THE FISHERMEN'S PAPER.

IT—

It is bald, toothless, but beyond those points it has little in common with grandpa.

It is madly in love with my wife, yet I am jealous of it.

It has no definite religious principles, yet it made a direct personal attack on the vicar recently.

It is the most valuable thing we possess, yet no charge was made for it.

It is something about which I am commonly supposed to know nothing at all, and my wife everything.

It has punched my nose and pulled my hair, yet I cannot think of reprisals.

It has never known a day's illness in its life, yet it was attended by the doctor directly we did it.

It made grandma cry when she saw it, and it cries every time it sees grandma.

It has upset all our domestic arrangements, yet we don't mind.

The Difference

Uncle Ezra—So, ye've just been down to New York, Eben? What's the difference between a big town and a little one?

Uncle Eben—Wal, in a big one the crowd follows the fire engine to find out where the fire is, and in a little one the fire engine follows the crowd to find out where it is.—The Chicago Herald.

The Piano That

Saved His Life

A Dayton, Ohio man of a musical turn confided to a man from the East that his musical talent had once been the means of saving his life.

"How was that?" asked the Easterner, much interested.

"Why, there was a big flood in my town and when the water struck our house my father got on a bed and floated down-stream."

"And you?"

"I accompanied him on the piano."

ADVERTISE IN THE "ADVOCATE"

Disraeli and Gladstone

Many piquant "Political Portraits" are contained in Mr. Charles Whitley's new book, just published under that title. Here is one of Disraeli:

"I saw him but once in my boyhood, and recognized in him instantly the complete antithesis of Gladstone. It was on the platform at Swindon, and Disraeli (he was then Lord Beaconsfield) paced up and down on Lord Rowton's arm, waiting for a trait."

"As he thus paced slowly and wearily, a bluff and heavy-bagman assailed him in the heat of humors. I have always voted for your side, Lord Beaconsfield," said the bagman, "and I should like to take you by the hand. Beaconsfield lifted his eyes for an instant and shook his head. 'I do not know you,' said he, and resumed his walk."

"Had so happy an encounter come to Mr. Gladstone what would he not have done? He would have taken his assailant by both hands and asked him to keep his umbrella as a souvenir."

Rudyard Kipling's First-Hand Methods

LONDON.—I was among a party of publishers yesterday. From the very great demand for Kipling's latest book talk turned to Kipling himself, and one of them mentioned this circumstance which was told him by the late Sir W. Robertson Nicholl.

One day when he had chambers in Villiers street, Strand, Mr. Kipling rang the bell in the midst of his work. When the valet came in Kipling said to him, "Tell me all the 'back slang' you know."

"The man, who had come recently from the pastures of Oxfordshire, scratched his head and pleaded ignorance; but," he explained, "I can bring you a chap who knows lots." The "chap" was brought in; he pulled his forelock as Kipling wheeled round in his chair and bade him go ahead.

"Back-slang" in plenty was the result, and five shillings the payment for it. The man departed marvelling, and the "back-slang" found perpetuity in print, with no sign that it had its genesis at the rear of Charing Cross.

White House Christmas

An Old-Fashioned Family Affair.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 25.—President Coolidge passed Christmas Day quietly with his family.

The President, Mrs. Coolidge and their two sons gathered about the White House Christmas tree before breakfast, and exchanged presents. The gifts were a complete surprise, no member of the family knowing in advance what Santa Claus had left in the first home of the Nation.

After breakfast President Coolidge went for a half-hour walk in the crisp air, returning to pass a half hour in his office.

Later the family attended a Christmas service in the First Congregational Church, of which the President is a member.

Frank W. Stearns and Mrs. Stearns of Boston were luncheon guests, remaining for a short time only after the repast.

During the day all members of the Cabinet made only brief formal calls at the White House, in deference to the wish of the President that he be permitted to pass the day alone with his family.

Christmas dinner was served in the evening, with only the family gathered around the festive board.

In short, the White House Christmas was of the simple, old-fashioned American variety insofar as the President was able to control the situation. As usual, gifts were received from all classes of citizens.

Older and Wiser

"When I was a young man, I worked twelve hours a day."

Son—"I admire your youthful energy, dad, but I admire still more the mature wisdom which led you to stop it."

It is absolutely fit—but if you call it

It you will offend my wife.

It is—well; perhaps you guess.

H.K.

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JEWISH POGROM IN BERLIN

The looting of Jewish shops and the lynching and mistreatment of Jews in the Berlin Jewish quarter, created a stir of indignation all over the civilized world. Hoodlums from all parts of the city collected in bands and wrecked stores, robbed and flogged citizens with only lukewarm attempts to stop them from the government. Photo shows a scene of rioting in the Jewish quarter after the police had taken a hand.

THE SHADOWS OF TAMARACK

By WILLIAM GERARD CHAPMAN
Author of "Green Timber Trails"

Head bent to the stinging gusts, the young backwoodsman plowed thru the new-fallen snow that blanketed the pasture clearing, impatient at its hindering softness. The hard lines about his mouth and the wrathful gleam of his eyes were outward evidence of an inner turmoil that was slowly sickening his heart beyond healing. The sombre forest rampart rising before him through the swirling white wreaths was no more forbidding than the black wall of distrust and angry passions that reared itself at his back, an impassable barrier towered between him and the cabin home from which he fled.

His course lay toward the farther edge of the pasture, where as he neared it the trail opening showed only as a blot of deeper gloom in the gloomy ranks of spruce and fir. The flanks of the forest that curved about the clearing seemed to draw in upon him as he advanced, as though impatient to gather him and his dark thoughts into their own black shadows.

For all his iron determination his step lagged as he drew closer to the forest's edge. Well up from his heart, a longing to turn his head for one last glimpse of the little cabin at the farther limit of the clearing almost mastered him. But perversely the hard lines about his mouth tightened, and the gleam of his eyes deepened, as he beat down the momentary weakness with the sledge of his anger. Setting his face stiffly to the front, he mended his stride and plunged into the enveloping twilight of the wood.

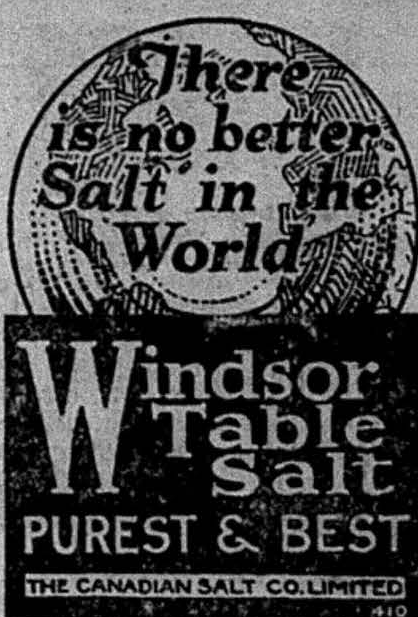
As Jason Moore plodded over the back trail to the lumber camp, sharp sudden reminders of his anticipations of but an hour or two before assailed him on every side. Here where the trail skirted a swamp where the broken stems of a cluster of holly, from which he had torn a handful of sprays

for the table; there was the giant spruce from whose deep frost-crack seaming it bole he had pried out a fragrant chunk of gum for his girl wife, Margy; here at a fallen pine he had stopped to tie a loose thong of his snow-shoe and chafed at the delay. Less than two hours since he had hurried homeward through these same silent trees; it seemed ages ago, with the tragedy that had met him instead of the joyous home-coming of his imaginings.

An unexpected halt in the work at the camp had warranted him in laying off for a few days, and he had started out long before sun-up that morning for a surprise visit home. Margy would be over-joyed, he knew, for the break in her loneliness, for this was his first parting from her since they had been married only a short year before; and his own pleasure in the occasion was no less keen. Underneath the stars that snapped and sparkled in the frosty sky among the tree-tops through the greyness of first dawn and the succeeding rosy glow of awakened day, he had journeyed on fast-gliding snowshoes, his thoughts at the welcome at the other end of the trail making little of the long miles.

When at length he arrived, just past the noon hour, his disappointment at finding the cabin so strangely deserted had chilled him. The lonely, cheerless deserted interior mocked the anticipations that had thronged his mind during all the hard trip through the winter woods. Apparently Margy had not been in the cabin for several

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ours; the wood-stove was cold, and he gray ashes might have those of the morning fire, or—a sudden fear gripped him: could she have been away for longer than since morning? Vaguely he went about the little room and the smaller bedroom, his rascally eyes unable to gain any evidence of the length of her absence. The rooms were scrupulously neat, which unreasonably gave him a dim idea that her leaving had been premeditated. This seemed to dispose of the likelihood of an accident. Cold, hungry and dispirited, he groped in his mind for an explanation.

Many simple ones must have occurred to him, had not the specter of an old hurt risen before him with the accusing accident theory. He tried to banish it as unworthy, but it persisted with his growing uneasiness. A crunching of snow outside halted his thoughts, and he glanced out of the window hopefully. But it was only a distant neighbor, axe on shoulder, who was crossing the clearing. He stepped out and hailed him. If there was any news floating about that he ought to become aware of, the man might give him the clue to it.

The neighbor turned toward the open door.

"Hello, Jason," he called back. "Thought you was over to the camp on the Branch. Reckon you wasn't expected an' found it sort o' lonesome like in there."

"Work slack'd for a few days an' I come over for a spell," Jason answered him. "Margy ain't to home," he offered tentatively, trying to assume a casual tone. The other grinned knowingly and nodded.

"I see her over to Lem Hankin's a spell ago. She's—"

Whatever else he intended to tell, Jason didn't wait to hear. He interrupted with a mumbled remark about the cold and turned abruptly into the cabin. The neighbor gazed a moment wonderingly at the closed door, then went his way, chuckling over the impatience of young married fellows.

Inside Jason slumped into a chair. Rage, chagrin, and hurt pride at the confirmation of his unwelcome belief battered his soul. So Margy had been renewing her friendship with the man he once had feared as a rival, and whom he had come to regard with cold dislike ever since he squatted over at the base of Tamarack Hill! Too near, Jason always thought, for a rejected suitor. To add to his vexation, Margy had never shown the spirit toward him that Jason considered proper. She treated him exactly as she did the few other neighbors of the thinly settled countryside, and Lem's attitude toward her was one of simple friendliness that to Jason's mind was incomprehensible. But the small seed of misgiving had not sprouted to anything really dangerous in his peace of mind until now, when it suddenly thrust out roots that

twined themselves chokingly about his heart.

Forlorn of spirit he sat there, his unhappy thoughts thriving upon them selves, until slowly awakening suspicion became certainty. It was at this stage that Margy entered the house. His haggard face arrested the surprise greeting that rose on her lips as she confronted him, cheeks rosy from the sharp, snowy air and eyes sparkling. Jason surveyed her silently for a moment as she stood before him. He saw the sudden fading of the joyous look and his anguish of spirit deepened as he noted the change of expression. Then Margy spoke.

"Jason!" she breathed, hesitating and fearful. "Whatever's the matter? Anything happened at the camp? You look awful." She went to him and laid her hand on his shoulder.

He scowled up at her and answered harshly: "No, nothin's happened that you don't know about. I jest come over for a visit."

Resentfully he shrugged himself away from her hand and relapsed into a sullen mood that her own manner gradually began to reflect. He would not talk, and Margy, her face now stony and set, threw off her outer garments, built a fire in the cook stove, and busied herself in getting a meal for him. The minutes passed in silence choked with an indefinable antagonism, until she bid him draw up to the table. Then as her voice broke the tension, in a burst of angry denunciation Jason unburdened his mind.

The girl, overwhelmed by the torrent of biting words, stood by the table rigidly, the kettle of tea poised over his cup, while she listened. Her eyes narrowed as he concluded, but for several moments she said nothing, and he accepted her attitude as proof of all he had charged her with. When finally she did speak it was not to explain, but only to admit defiantly that she had been to Lem's cabin; and Jason's reply was to spring from his

the cleared ground surrounding the log house a wandering current of air lifted for a moment the snow curtain. The clearer view confirmed his belief; it was she. No one else in the settlement had a red-hooded capote such as he had brought from the Hudson's Bay post he had reached on one of his guiding-trips before they were married. His heart froze as recognition came; then the blood surged hotly back as anger such as he had never yet known took possession of him, erasing clearly from his thoughts the slowly growing misgivings of his own conduct. His face crimsoned with the rush of emotions, and he stared stupefied with the hurt and horror of it as the speeding girl, without even the formality of knocking, entered the cabin of the man he distrusted.

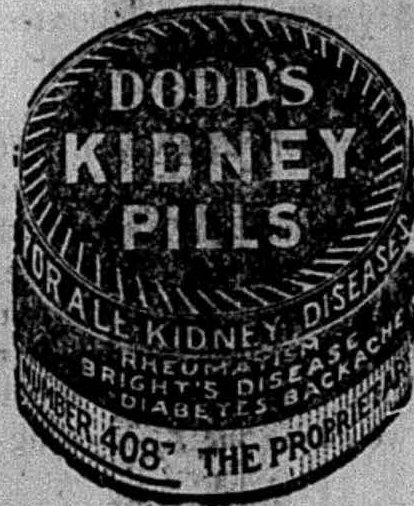
"So ye'd do that!" Jason muttered grimly. "Light out fer that feller again the minute I get out o' the way! I knowed I was right in what I suspected. But ye'll pay fer it, the both o' ye!" A rage of vengeance upon these two who had set at naught the conventions of a Puritanic community and robbed him of home and happiness flared up within him. He would break in upon them, confronting them in their iniquity and—his fists clenched and unclenched as he half formulated the manner of his reckoning with them. As he started down the side of the ridge in the direction of Tamarack Hill, through the snowy dusk two yellow beams of a lighted lamp shot mockingly from the windows of the cabin.

Recklessly Jason took the descent, his fury driving him on regardless of the danger of tripping. Once his snow shoe caught in a stubby branch sticking up just beneath the deceptive white covering, and he plunged a-sprawl in the snow. Flounderingly he managed to get upright again, uttering hot words over the ill chance; and ignoring the torn web of the shoe, which made difficult his going, he plunged forward again toward the goal of his revengeful thought. Interspersed with these came fleeting memories of the quiet, simple joys of his life during the past year, and his soul writhed with the knowledge that all this had ruthlessly been taken from him. He cursed his error for leaving Margy for the job at the lumber camp, alone and in such dangerous proximity to the man who once wanted her. But his wages for the winter's work had been needed for certain ambitious designs, in which Margy shared—with fine deceit, he now decided bitterly. Howsoever, he brooded vindictively as he drew closer to the stabbing cheeriness of the window lights, since happiness had been torn from him he soon would tear it from them, for all time.

Cold, ruthless determination succeeded his hot wrath as he neared the cabin and Margy's laugh, high and shrill and suddenly repressed, scourged his ears. He knew why she laughed, he thought, and his mouth twisted tighter in stern resolve. He would approach noiselessly, push his way in without warning, and overcome these two despoilers by the suddenness of his entry. Then—primitive justice would decide the issue.

Night was coming as he strode up to the threshold. Just before he reached it the light suddenly went out, leaving the interior in darkness, and a door within slammed shut. Faint sounds of scuffling came to him, but no voices. Could they have become aware of his presence? He decided not; his approach had been soundless, and no face had appeared at the windows. Reaching down, he loosed the toe-holds of his snowshoes, and stepped out of them as he lifted the latch. Opening and closing the door almost in one motion, he stood in the cabin's single room, his eyes straining to penetrate the gloom. Without warning, out of the blackness a larger mass took faint outline as it rose and

(Continued on page 6.)



seat and don his cap and mackinaw in dull rage. Flinging over his shoulder a threat never to return, he slammed the cabin door upon her startled cry of remonstrance, fastened his snowshoes to his feet with fingers that fumbled the throngs, and strode off into the rising storm.

Jason's swift progress under the stress of the tumult raging in his heart slowed somewhat as he took the rise of a hardwood ridge over which the trail led. As he ascended he could not banish from his thoughts the memory of the view this little height of land gave of his cabin. He fought down the desire to gaze back upon it as he approached the crest; he had conquered the impulse to turn his head at the clearing limits, and so would he refrain now from any backward glance. At the end of his climb he stepped out of the timber upon the small plateau at the top—a windswept space bare of trees commanding broad vistas of the countryside. It came to him with a painful trust that the trail led to this spot for just the reason that it afforded a glimpse of the snug home in which he had such pride. It was possible to cross the ridge at other points with less climbing, but he had always come this way on his occasional journeys that he might have a bird's-eye view of the little homestead.

And in the midst of his self-assurances that for once he would not look back upon it, the urge of desire deep within him overbore his reluctance and he turned in his stride for a last sight of the cabin home he had left for ever. It was nearly obscured by the whirling snow, but the eyes of his memory saw its familiar outlines plainly, and a lump came into his throat as he gazed. Margy was there; what was she doing now? He wondered against his will. With the question came another slowly forming, question: Had he taken too much for granted? Perhaps—insistently the doubt forced upon his judgment—perhaps he had been too quick to condemn her.

Over toward Tamarack a tiny moving spot of color caught his eyes, and drew them to a hurrying form headed toward the cabin at the base. He could see dimly the figure that appeared and disappeared among the sparse growth of trees lining the valley, and something about it caused him to sharpen his gaze. As the figure came out into

Unclaimed Letters Remaining in G.P.O.

Andrews, C. M., Late Sanatorium.
Adey, Miss A., Farm Road.
Augot, Fred, Late (Mrs. Breton).

Barnes, Mr. G., Cashin Ave.
Blackwood, Mrs. M., Casey St.
Bages, Eugene, Balsam Hotel.
Barrett, A. G., Delivery.
Batten, W., St. John's.
Best, Miss P., Maxie St.
Bennett, A., Springdale Hotel.
Bendell, Mrs. Wm., Leslie St.
Brown, Norman, Balsam St.
Brown, Capt. C., St. John's.
Brown, S., Carter's Hill.
Bowers, Miss F., King's Bridge Rd.
Brown, H., Williams St.
Bourcy, Mrs. A., Water St. West.
Burry, Miss A., Circular Rd.
Burt, Wm., McKay St.
Burt, W. J., Corner George and Prince's St.

Bugden, Miss M., Gower St.
Bruff, Miss N., New Gower St.
Burne, Mr., Allandale Rd.
Butt, B., Nagle's Hill.
Brushett, General Delivery.
Burke, Mrs. K., G. P. O.
Butler, C., Late Kitchener Hotel.

Call, Miss A., Stevens St.
Carroll, Miss A., St. John's.
Clenche, Miss Ella, Duckworth St.
Crichton, Miss M., Sudbury.
Colbourne, John, Gower St.
Colbourne, Albert, Nunnery Hill.
Culler, Irene, Springdale St.
Compton, Mrs. Jos., Quidi Vidi Rd.

Dawe, Gordon, Bell St.
Dackers, P. C., Box 121.
Dow, Charles, New Gower and Barter's Hill.
Dove, Freeman R., Long's Hill.
Duckett, W., Flower Hill.

Earle, A. M., Browndale Hotel.
Evans, L. J. E., Duckworth St.
Evans, A., Sanatorium.
English, Miss B., Long's Hill.

Fradshaw, Miss Ella, Genl. Hospital.
Fewer, May, Brazil's Sq.
Flynn, Late (Placencia).
Ford, J. H., General P. Office.
Foley, Miss A., Lime St.

Galagher, Mrs. P., Long's Hill.
Gardener, Mrs. W., Hamilton St.
Gladney, P., Freshwater Rd.
Gladney, J., General Delivery.
Grandy, Miss L., Carter's Hill.
Garland, Miss F., Carter's Hill.
Greeley, Miss M., Pennywell Rd.
Greenslade, J. M. A., L. Pond Rd.
Greene, Miss Clara, (Gispy) Allandale Road.
Greeley, H., Newtown Rd.
Gibbenhuck, J., 423 Water St. West.
Gill, Mrs. George, 95 Hamilton Ave.
Gilmour, J. D., St. John's.
Goff, David, C/o Genl. Delivery.
Gosse, Raymond, St. John's.

Harbin, Cook St.
Hart, Mr. Jos., Duckworth St.
Harn, Mrs. R. W., Allandale Rd.
Harvey, Miss Ida, Victoria St.
Harding, W., Sudbury Hospital.
Hanrahan, Mrs. B., St. John's.
Haines, Mrs. A., C/o Genl. Delivery.
Hartery, Mrs. James, C/o Genl. Delivery.

Hewett, Mr., Allandale Rd.
Hicks, Miss G., Long's Hill.
Hiscock, Miss M. J., Leslie St.
Hynes, Mrs. B., Allan's Square.
Horwood, Stewart, C/o G.P.O.
Horwood, Miss E., LeMarchant Rd.
Hollett, Fred, P. O. Box 31.
Hopkins, H., Livingstone St.
Hunt, P. J., Williams St.
Hynes, Mr. J., P. O. Box 16.

James, Mr. Noel, St. John's.
Janess, John, Summer St.
Jesso, Mrs. J. H., Peter St.

Keefe, A. I., Bannerman St.
Kennedy, E. B., George's St.
Kennedy, Mrs. R., St. John's East.
Kelly, Mr. J., Theatre Hill.
Keane, Hugh, John St.
Kelly, E. J., (cabman), W. E. Stand.
Kane, Miss M., Brazil's Sq.
Keadling, Miss E., Patrick's St.
Karl, Miss B., Flower Hill.
Keefe, Miss L. (P. C.), St. John's.
King, Miss M., New Gower St.
Kinn, Miss A., Simms St.
Keefe, Miss N., Casey St., C/o G.P.O.

Laithe, Mrs. A., New Gower St.
Lane, Miss Mary, Hamilton St.
Lopes, Mrs. Jos., St. John's, 71 Vidi Vidi.
Lott, Mr. R., P. O. Box, St. John's.

Martin, Mrs. Wm., Cor. King's Rd. and Gower St.
Mercer, Miss Olive, C/o St. John's.
Miller, Miss D., Duckworth St.
Motonia, R. J., C/o G.P.O.
Moss, Miss Annie, Sanatorium.
Mullins, Mrs. Beattie, C/o Gower St.
Mulloney, Miss Annie, Queen St.

Newell, Mr. H., Hayward Ave.
Newworthy, Miss R., Gower St.
Norris, Miss Edie, M. St. John's.
Newworthy, Miss J., Gower St.
Nottall, Miss M., Water St. West.

O'Dea, Leo P., Batherman St.
O'Brien, Miss M., Washburn St.
O'Keefe, Miss L., St. John's.
O'Connell, Late (Grappa Falls).
Oldford, Miss D., Hamilton Ave.
Osmond, M. S., Burton's Pond.

Parsons, Mrs. John, Byrn's St.
Pardy, Mrs. A. N., St. John's.
Pearcey, Chas., Bond St.
Peckford, Mrs. Thos., McDougall St.
Pelly, D., East End Taxi Co.
Peters, Wilfred, C/o St. John's P. O.
Pynn, Chas., St. John's.
Prince, Miss F., Gower St.
Pike, Mrs. Elias, Pennywell Rd.
Pike, Miss C., King's Bridge Rd.
Pitman, E. G., St. John's.
Pottle, Miss L., Gower St.

Prowse, Roberts (Card), C/o G.P.O.
Peckford, Miss M., Box 156, S. R. Rd.

Quinton, Chas. (P. Card.), St. John's.

Reid, Miss Dorothy, Franklin Ave.
Reid, Miss Mary, Central St.
Reliable Stamp Co., St. John's.
Ringman, Mrs. Annie, Water St. West.
Roberts, E. W., St. John's.
Roberts, E., St. John's.
Rowe, Miss L., Hamilton Ave.
Ross, Miss Leslie, St. John's.
Russell, Miss J., Circular Rd.

Saunders, Mrs. Geo., Hamilton Ave.
Sharp, Mrs. G., Late (His. Content).
Slade, Mrs. Phoebe, C/o Genl. Delivery.
Sweetman, Mrs. Susan, Long Pond Rd.
Sheppard, Mrs. Mark, Gower St.
Seymour, Mr. S. J. (mate), St. John's.
Stringer, Miss E., Circular Rd.
Smith, Miss M. J., Sudbury St.
Strickland, W. Thos., Gower St.
Sullivan, Mrs. Wm., Tessier Place.
Short, James, Casey St.
Sexton, Mrs. Thos., C/o G.P.O.
Squires, Mr. John, C/o Knowling.
Squires, Miss W., Leslie St.
Squires, Mr. J., St. John's.
Squires, Miss A., Brazil's Sq.
Sturge, Mrs. James, Gower St.

Thistle, Mrs. Alex., St. John's.
Tiller, Mr. Norman, Leslie St.
Turpin, Miss M., Circular Rd.
Tilley, Jack, Long Hill.
Tricco, Mrs. Edw., Colonial St.
Tobin, Miss E., Monkstown Road.
Tobin, Miss Rose, Monroe St.
Turner, Miss Lizzie, Carleton Rd.
Lee, Miss Ida, (C/o Miss Tucker), Long Pond Rd.

Tucker, Absalom, C/o G. P. O.
Tucker, R. B., Bell St.
Tobin, Miss R., Monroe St.

Universal Stamp Co., St. John's.

Watcher, Mrs. Allan, Duckworth St.

Wade, Mrs. D., Bond St.
Whalen, Miss R. M., Franklin Ave.
Whalen, S., St. John's.
Walsh, J. L., St. John's.
Wileman, Mr. S., C/o G.P.O.

Wilcox, Miss L., Theatre Hill.
White, Miss Josephine, Circular Rd.
White, Miss Mary, C/o Genl. Delivery.
White, Mr. Chas., Methodist College.
Williams, Miss M., Water St.
White, Miss Minnie, Gower St.

Yetman, Mr. James, George's St.
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THE SHADOWS OF TAMARACK

(Continued from page 5.)

towered over him, and before he could arrange his faculties a savage blow descended upon his shoulder, glanced upward and spent its force on the side of his head. The terrific impact sent him crashing to the floor, unconscious, but not before a stricken yell escaped him and broke the eerie silence of the cabin.

When Jason slammed the door upon his going, Margy stood irresolute for a moment, then ran to the window from which her girlish face white and drawn, gazed tensely at the receding figure. The unhappy emotions flaming within her had left their impress on her features, but the reborn longings that surged within her heart with his leaving were gradually smoothing out the faint, unlovely traces. When at the edge of the wood Jason's step slowed for the briefest space, her hungry eyes marked the indecision, and the quick hope that he would turn caught at her throat. Then in the next instant the snow-draped shadows blotted him from her vision, and she sank to the floor, weeping in utter misery.

"Oh, why didn't I tell him!" she sobbed. "I'd oughter told him, 'stead of gittin' spunky an' lettin' him think what he did. But he hadn't no call to say all those things afore he give me a chance to explain," she added miserably, in half-heard self-defense. Her eyes fell on a bunch of holly and a big chunk of spruce gum thrown atop the stove-lengths in the wood-box, and this evidence of Jason's thought for her brought a fresh burst of sorrow.

After a time she stemmed the tears with her gingham apron and rose listlessly to her feet. Her forlorn gaze wandered mistily about the cozy, plain kitchen living-room of the cabin, now so suddenly become desolate. Its adornments of red-berried sprays of rowan, garnered by herself from the frosty aisles of the wood, flouted her dreary thoughts with their gay color. The seething kettle which she had placed on the stove, sending up its aroma of tea, brought a poignant reminder of her futile effort to soften his mood.

As she moved over to set it aside the

thought of Jason trudging through the storm—cold, hungry, and without even the comfort of the hot brew prepared for him—overwhelmed her with remorse. She yearned for a means of undoing the tragedy for which she now blamed only herself. She had driven him away by her obstinate refusal to eat matters right; she must undo her fault by bringing him back—if it were not too late. Instantly her mind was made up as the hope that she might still overtake him and persuade him to return grew within her.

Swallowing a cup of the bitter boiled tea, she hastily donned her heavy outdoor garments, attached the little "bear-paw" racquets to her feet and sped over Jason's now nearly obliterated trail leading into the forest. As she breast the gale laden with stinging snow her mind questioned the possibility of coming up with him. A sob rose in her throat and was beaten back with a tearful prayer for courage and strength. In the wood the sudden comparative quiet revived her hopes, and she plodded sturdily forward on her quest through the stern, forbidding mutterings of the trees.

She had not gone far when a disturbing premonition that another presence kept pace with her impelled her to turn and gaze along the back trail apprehensively. She could discover no sign of life. But the feeling persisted, and after proceeding a short distance she turned again and stood in her tracks while she searched the pallid dusk for the cause of her uneasiness. A shadow that seemed a trifle denser than the doom of the thickets appeared to stir. Her eyes fastened upon it intently, seeking to discover whether it was life or illusion. Suddenly she was unpleasantly enlightened.

Back in the undergrowth, not far from the trail a giant old bear had view with glowing, red-trimmed eyes the two figures that glided past his place of concealment. A bad wound from a hunter's bullet had prevented his ranging to gorge on the autumn's plenteous of blueberries and mast, and he had failed to put on a blanket of fat against the long sleep; so that instead of haling up with the first cold snows he was doomed to wander miserably through the winter, seeking what scanty sustenance remained to keep life within its shaggy hollow sides. In his ill-conditioned state he had sought shelter from the bitter wind in a cove of low-growing fir, where he lay in surly impatience for the storm to abate.

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RED BRICK.

Hard and Soft
Henry J. Stabb & Co.

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When the man appeared the bear all but dashed out upon him, to strike down the intruder, partly in savagery at being disturbed and partly driven by his overpowering hunger; but a strange distaste for the encounter came suddenly upon him and stayed his rush. Swaying his head in puzzled protest, he backed sullenly into his retreat and bared his teeth in a soundless snarl of fury at being balked. Perhaps some faint emanations of the angry passions seething within the fleeting human had carried a subtle warning to brute sensibilities. Whatever the reason may have been, Jason continued on his way wholly unaware of the close call.

Nursing the cruel ache at his vitals, the old bear drowsed in his cold bed until again the sound of snowshoes roused him from his lethargy. The hackles rose on his neck and he lurched to his feet to peer warily from the screen of brush at the intruder who dared to return. But this was a different being who now ventured to

trespass upon his misery. He waited that her escape thus far was due to the fact that she had not been seen by the bear. His courage rose with the message came to his questioning senses; and the evidence this rebuffing was quarry he could still with less hazard. In other than these lean times he would have faded quickly from the presence of any man creature, but starvation had overcome his prudence and he withdrew from his cove and stalked cautiously after the piddling girl. Prompted by his earlier repulse to study his victim carefully before venturing an attack, he kept to the side of the trail.

When Margy slowed her step to look behind her, the bear halted in the shadows, not yet confident enough to brave her eyes. But the meaning of her increased speed was not lost upon his wild instinct, and he quickly lessened the distance between them. When a little later Margy turned and stood facing the back trail, the old bear ceased that she was aware of being followed. He stopped and appraised her with his shrewd, twinkling eyes, then snarled and noiselessly thumped the low growth until within a few yards of the peering figure. Rising on his hind feet his terrifying face came into Margy's view above the bushes so close that she could not stifle the gasp of frightened astonishment that arose to her lips. For a few seconds the tense situation endured; then Margy, her heart cold with fear, turned and fled. Emboldened by her precipitate flight, the bear dropped to the ground and followed at a lumbering trot.

Fleet and strong of limb, Margy seemed able for a time to maintain her lead. But where and how would the race end? The thought chilled her as faint hope that Jason might be within earshot caused her to raise her voice in a cry for him; but no answer came. Suddenly he flashed into her fast working brain that Lem Hankins' cabin lay only a short distance to the right. Lem, she knew, would not be at home, but if her breath and strength held out she would find safety there until he arrived. She swerved in her course and headed for the foot of Tamarack Hill.

Redoubling her exertions, Margy darted a glance over her shoulder as she reached the clearing, and was heartened to see that apparently the bear was still far enough away to reach her haven. She did not know

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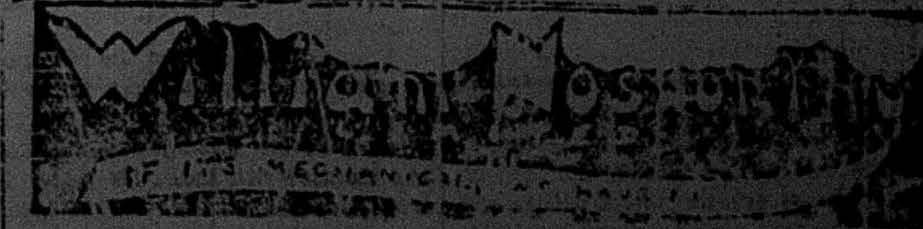
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the frailty of this, and reinforced it? While she watched, terror-stricken, the wooden hasp snapped under the pressure, and the door was pushed open. The bear's glance fell on the girl, and the ungainly body squeezed through. In the face of this immediate danger Margy gathered her wits. Her mind groping distractedly for a way of escape, of a sudden remembered the tiny lean-to, used by Lem for storage purposes, that was entered through a small tight door beside the fireplace. She stepped quickly to the table to the bear entered, snatched up the lamp and swung it before her, backed toward this last refuge. The bear shambling after her, but daunted by the menace of that strange waving flame, delayed his rush. Margy felt behind her for the latch, lifted it, and kicked the door open. She slipped through, and shut herself within the cramped windowless cubby-hole; and setting the lamp on the earth floor sank down beside it shivering in reaction.

Would the inch of pine resist the

bear's onslaught? She looked about for something to place against it, but there was no heavy object among the litter. Her searching eyes fell on an old rusted single-shot rifle that lay on the wooden pegs driven into the logs, and the sight brought a flicker of hope to her. She took it down and opened the breech. A cartridge was in the chamber! One sorry bullet against that hulking black demon! But she clutched the weapon gratefully; it was her sole chance of deliverance should the animal succeed in tearing down the barrier.

Abruptly the clawing at the planks ceased and her straining ears heard the quick opening and closing of the front door, then quiet. Could it be Lem? She was puzzled by the strangeness of his entry. Before she could decide to cry a warning, a yell shattered the weird silence and was thrudding of a body to the floor. She was sure of the voice. It was Jason's. wonder over this and swung open the lean-to door. The light streamed out

(Continued on page 7.)

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THE SHADOWS OF TAMARACK

(Continued from page 6.)

upon the floor of the cabin. The bear, growling over the unconscious form that lay beneath his mauling paws, turned toward her menacingly. Bringing the rifle to her shoulder, Margy aimed at the ugly visage and pressed the trigger. The narrow walls gave back a deafening crash and the concussion jarred out the light; and Margy stood half stunned for an instant in the darkness, the rifle still held at her shoulder.

Only a gasping, gasping sigh and the floundering of a huge body succeeded the noise; then this subsided. Margy remained frozen in her position for anxious moments, her heart pondering with apprehension over the outcome. If her aim had not been true there would be no hope for either Jason or herself. Unless the bullet had penetrated the brain, in the cramped space of the cabin the ferocity of the wounded bear would make short work of his two defenceless enemies. But no further sound came to her ears. After waiting for what seemed an age, Margy took heart over the apparent success of her shot. Cautiously she felt her way along the way, secured the matches, and retracing her steps entered the room and lighted the lamp.

It rays fell on the bog, furry bulk, stretched motionless on the floor, stone dead, and beside it the prone, inert figure of her husband. With a long drawn breath of relief and dread she knelt beside him, all her present anxiety centered on the nature of his hurts. The swing of the bear's powerful fore-arm had ripped the coat from Jason's shoulder and torn a gash in his scalp. She managed to turn him on his back, the better to find if his heart still beat, and as she did so a groan came from his lips. Tears of thankfulness sprang to Margy's eyes at this evidence that he lived, and she busied herself with restoring him to consciousness. At last Jason opened his eyes and looked blankly up at her as she washed the blood from his head.

"Oh, Jason, thank God you ain't hurt as bad as I feared," cried Margy fervently. "I thought the bear had killed you." Defiantly she started to dress the cut with what facilities were at hand, awaiting his full return to understanding before saying more.

Pain, bewilderment, and gradually dawning sense mingled in Jason's haggard eyes. He struggled to a sitting posture with Margy's help, and gazed about his dazedly. His wound was only superficial, and shortly the effect of the bear's blow wore off. Slowly partial comprehension entered his brain. With returning memory he bent a questioning, accusing look on the girl who was tenderly ministering to him. Before he could voice his thoughts Margy was putting out her story.

"I went after you, Jason. I was dreadful mean to you, over to home. I might've explained easy, but I got mad an' let you go thinking I was jest no-account. Then I follered to get you to come back. A big cross bear took after me an' I ran in here to get away from him. He broke in, an' I hid in the lean-to. Then some one come in quick like, an' afore I had time to cry out I heard a yell an' a fall. Then I knew 't was you, an' I opened the door an' shot the varmit with Lem's

old rifle.

"I'm mortal sorry I'm to blame for all this trouble, Jason. Won't you listen till—"

Jason's eyes were boring into her's during the recital, and she broke down and sobbed before their unforgiving hardness. "You were mighty spunky to shoot the bear," he interrupted, brokenly, "but you— you been comin' here to Lem Hankin's right along—" The old anger and hopelessness came back to him and choked his utterance. He rose unsteadily to his feet and swayed over the huddled girl, who was vainly trying to regain control of her outraged nerves. Taxed sorely by the long ordeal through which she had passed, she was brought by Jason's harsh manner to the verge of hysterics, and could offer no reply to his unspoken question.

While he struggled to fight back the weakness, a jingle of sleigh-bells fell faintly on their ears. Margy raised her head quickly, and as she listened a wave of relief crossed her face. Her sobbing ceased and she sprang to her feet as the sound grew louder and a horse drawing a pung floundered through the snow on the clearing and drew up to the cabin. Jason stood gazing upon the new arrivals in puzzle ment. Margy seized his arm.

"You hain't given me a chance to explain," she sorrowfully accused him. "Now there won't be any time, but in a minute you'll understand why—"

She dragged the sullen, wondering Jason through the doorway, and in the scant illumination they saw Lem Hankins helping out of it a heavily wrapped young woman whom he led up to the door. His countenance lighted as he recognized the two standing at his threshold. Their face were in half shadow and disclosed nothing unusual to the new comers.

"Hello, Jason!" Lem called out heartily; and stepped up and wrung the hand that stretched forth reluctantly by at Margy's secret urging. "Now I call this real neighborly of ye," he exclaimed, moved by the apparent friendliness of Jason's presence. "Margy ye never told me ye had it all fixed for you and Jason to greet us. I take it kindly that ye both come over. Lizbeth," he introduced the blushing girl at his side, "this here's Jason Moore."

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and Margy; I told ye 'bout her fixin' up the cabin for us while I been away. I reckon ye didn't know till ye got back from camp, Jason, that I'd gone over to Swiftwater Forks to get married, an'—"

He stopped agape, as he spied the alien tenant of his domestic sprawling across the punchons, his filmed eyes leering at them in the flickering lamp light. Lizbeth uttered a little scream and clung closer to her husband's arm which passed protectingly about her. The dismay of the bridal pair over the other welcoming guest was ludicrous and despite the lingering ache at her heart Margy's laughter rang out.

She too was clinging to her husband's arm, and she pinched it warningly when she saw mirrored on his features of emotions that flooded his soul as the innocent facts became clear to him. Shame, contrition, humility, pride—were writ there legibly, though—for his wife to read, while his eyes—hers wore a mute look beseeching for forgiveness. The other two in their astonishment at what their own eyes beheld, were obvious of this ending of a domestic tragedy. Jason's tongue-tied, chattered manner was not noticed by them in the excitement.

Margy tightened her grasp on Jason's arm by way of answer to his silent pleading.

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The beginning of eternity, the end of time and space, the beginning of every end, and the beginning and the end of every place?—The letter E.

If all the letters in the alphabet were to run a race which letter would be sure to be the first in starting?—The letter S.

WHY ARE RED-HEADED GIRLS BOW-LEGGED?

Curious Discovery Made by Committee Selecting Models for Famous Baltimore Charcoal Club—Brunettes are Knock-Kneed, and Blonde Has the Only Straight Ones

It seems to be a commonly accepted maxim that red-headed girls have hot tempers. But it has remained for the distinguished Committee on Artists' Models of the distinguished Charcoal Club, of Baltimore, to make the new and hitherto unsuspected discovery that red-headed girls are bow-legged.

This announcement appears to be based upon considerable investigation on the part of the committee. But why it should be true that ninety-four out of every hundred red-headed girls have bow-legs as they assert, they do not undertake to explain. These artists are pioneers in making the great discovery—science, in its patient laboratory researches, will have to explain the phenomenon.

Art has its discoveries, as well as science; and it came to pass that the Baltimore Charcoal Club, composed of a group of earnest young artists who work in that medium, wanted some models. Naturally, before any girls were accepted they had to demonstrate to the satisfaction of the examining committee that their figures were worth copying on paper. One by one the girl applicants disrobed posed and were rejected; and presently a few curious facts became apparent.

The first was that almost all of the brunette models were knock-kneed. It was a puzzling surprise.

Some merely bulged a bit; some sagged, and others swelled inward so far that they actually knocked together when the model walked up and down the model stand. Out of 642 brunette applicants examined in the course of three years, more than 500 had baggy knees, an extraordinary proportion in view of the commonly accepted tradition that brunettes have very symmetrical limbs.

Ruth Straightened Hers

The statistics gathered by the examining committee of the Charcoal Club seem irrefutable. Here were almost 300 red-haired girls and all but a dozen or so of their number were as bow-legged as cavalrymen.

"It got so that we could determine the one on which the girls' legs would be bowed by a glance," said Mr. John McGrath, the artist in charge of the examination. "The redder the hair, the greater the bow. The girls having a deep bronze head of hair have reasonably straight legs. They begin to sag a bit in the auburn-haired types. They bulged out a good three inches when the hair is terra cotta, and the lower extremities of a 'carrot-top' girl look like a barrel hoop."

Mr. McGrath hastened to mention that the lavish natural charms of the red-haired girl more than offset the trifling misfortune of her bow legs.

"Almost always her figure is far superior to that of the blonde and brunette type," he continued. "As a rule her torso is almost perfect and there is an invariably beautiful curve where the neck joins the shoulders. That is what makes her bow-leggedness seem so sad. I can only conclude that nature is jealous of her gifts and will not bestow all charms on any one type of beauty."

There is a remedy for bow legs, as Miss Ruth Gordon demonstrated a few years ago when she felt that her misfortune in this matter was interfering with her career on the stage. Miss Gordon, who played the "talk-show" in Booth Tarkenton's play "Seventeen," persuaded a Chicago surgeon to chisel holes almost through the bones of her legs, which were then cracked like candy canes; all because the little actress had legs like those of her friend Marylyn Miller.

WORK

By H. J. GREENWALL

You have heard the story of Clemenceau and Wilson's fourteen points, you may remember from the Galleries Lafayette, but I will wager a small stake you have never heard a funny story about Raymond Poincare. The "Gentleman in Paris," as Mr. Lloyd George used to call him during the Genoa Conference, is an intensely serious little man, whose business in life is getting his own way.

M. Poincare comes from Lorraine, and any Frenchman will tell you that the Lorrainers are obstinate people. M. Poincare is no exception. He is a lawyer by profession and a politician by instinct. He has a tremendous capacity for hard work, for speech making on Sundays, and for supporting the dignity of France, but he lacks a sense of humor, and takes even the Germans too seriously.

Come with me to the Quai d'Orsay and see him. Once inside the lofty vestibule, a grave-looking, clean-shaven man, dressed in black and wearing a silver chain round his neck, resembling a wine steward, takes our coats and hats, and we are ushered into a spacious room with a red pile carpet and several gilt chairs. There are many fine tapestries which we can admire while we wait.

His Pallor

M. Poincare always receives me in his workroom, which opens out of the room where we are waiting. He comes to the door as we are announced, and shakes us by the hand. You are immediately struck by his pallor, almost waxen white. He wears a short pointed beard, and the once fair hair of Lorrainers is turning white and becoming scanty. M. Poincare invariably wears dark clothes, and today he sports a neat blue suit. His blue-grey eyes sparkle frostily as he shakes us by the hand and asks us to be seated.

The room is handsome, but rather strewed with papers, and in a rack on the table there is a small volume. It is M. Poincare's own copy of the Treaty of Versailles, and in his Bible. He talks to us in a rather metallic falsetto, but he is intensely polite. We ask him a question, and he refers us to Article 80 and 81. Paragraph Something, of the treaty. He is never at a loss for an answer to our questions, although nine times out of ten that answer will mention the treaty, which he helped to frame.

I have visited M. Poincare at his home, just off the Avenue du Bois, and have found him just as polite, but just as taciturn concerning everything except the treaty. He spends his time between his home and the Foreign Office, never going to a theatre, and only leaving Paris when he goes to the provinces to unveil a war memorial—and make a speech.

How both the busy bee dispose of its honey?—It cells it.

What nation is most likely to win in the end?—Determination.

What letter of the alphabet is necessary to make a shoe?—The last.

Why did Noah object to the letter "d"?—Because it made the ark dark.

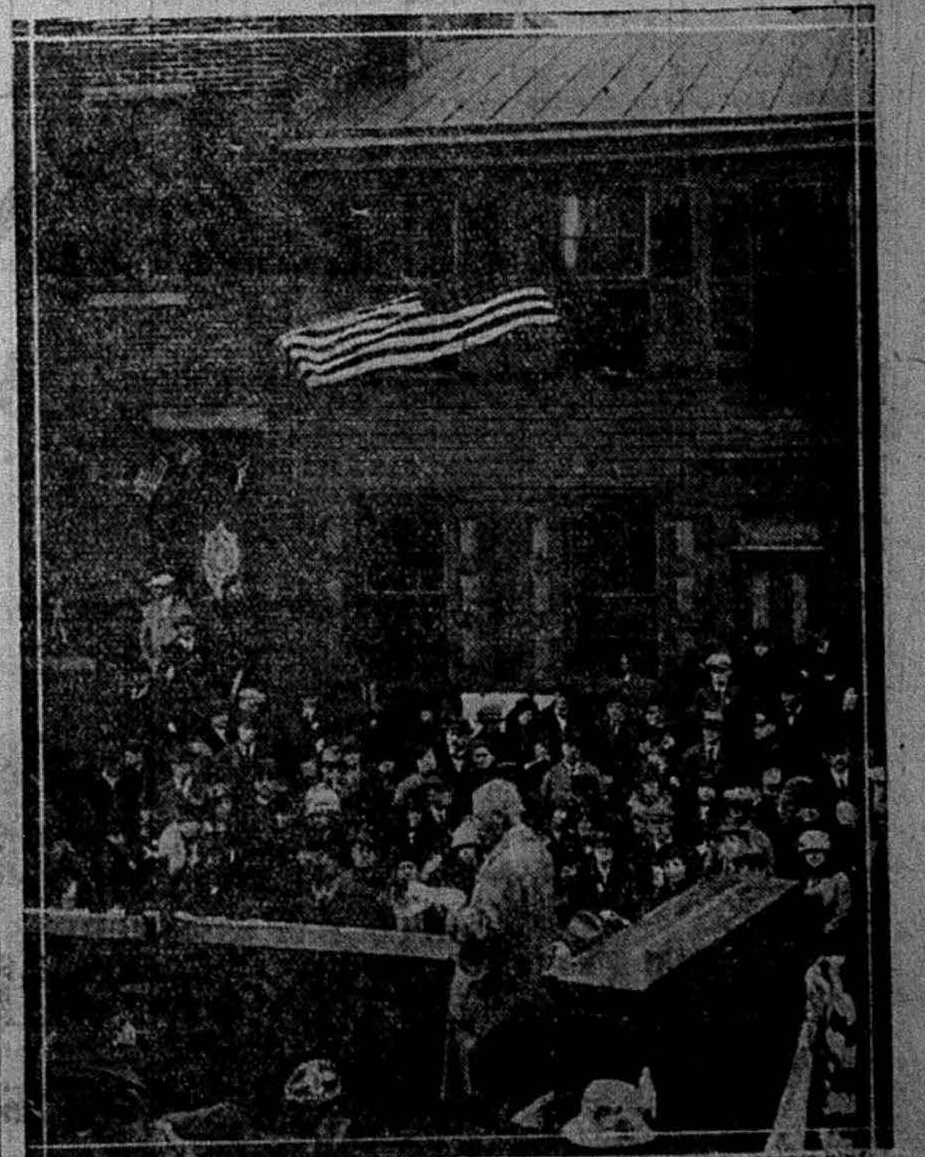
What is lengthened by being cut at both ends?—A ditch.

What is that has a mouth but never speaks, and a bed but never lies in it?—A river.

If a farmer can raise 250 bushels of corn in dry weather, what can he raise in wet weather?—An umbrella.

What is that which is put on the table, cut, and handed round, but never eaten?—A pack of playing cards.

Which is the longest five-lettered word in the English language?—Smile—because it extends a mile after the first letter.



WALT WHITMAN HOME DEDICATED

The scene in Camden, N. J., when scholars and literary authorities joined in a belated dedication of the little Mickle street house that was once the home of the famous poet. The good gray poet lived in this house from 1884 to the date of his death, March 26, 1892. Harrison S. Morris, of Philadelphia, an old friend of Whitman's, and an authority on his poetry, is seen making a dedicatory address.

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Re The Enquiry

A reporter of The Advocate called upon Mr. W. R. Howley, K. C., at one o'clock to-day, who, it was currently understood is counsel for Sir Richard Squires and Dr. Alex. Campbell in connection with the proposed enquiry, and asked him for information.

Mr. Howley informed our reporter that he was acting for Sir Richard and Dr. Campbell, but that up to the present he had not notified the Commissioner of the matter. "As a matter of fact," he said, "my clients have not, up to one o'clock to-day, received any notification as to the commencement of the enquiry, beyond the intimation given them by the Justice Dept. on Christmas Eve, to the effect that, subject to the decision of the Commissioner, the enquiry would commence on January 7th."

Mr. Howley was extremely reticent on the matter and, upon being asked what he proposed to do under the circumstances, he expressed his regret that he was unable to give any statement for publication.

Star Ladies' Association Children's Party

The Star of the Sea Ladies' Association concluded their Sale of Work yesterday afternoon with a Christmas Tree and Children's Party. Over one hundred and sixty children attended and spent a most enjoyable evening. Games, etc., were indulged in during the afternoon, whilst toys from the tree were also distributed. Supper was served at the conclusion of an evening full of enjoyment. Last night an informal dance was held by the members of the Society and Ladies' Association. Mr. Sullivan supplied the music to the entire satisfaction of all.

Commercial Bowling League

The schedule of games of the Commercial Bowling League will be resumed on Tuesday night after a suspension of about a month, due to the opening of the stores. Two games will be played each night for four nights a week and the schedule will now continue until completed. The following are the games to be played next week:

Tuesday—7.30, Job's vs. Baird's. 9.30, Reid's vs. Customs.
Wednesday—7.30, Imperial vs. Ayrton; 8.30, Hickman's vs. Ayre's.
Thursday—7.30, G.P.O. vs. Bowling's; 9.30, Harvey's vs. Royal Stores.
Friday—7.30, Knowling's vs. Boot & Shoe; 9.30, Winter's vs. Nail Factory.

St. Patrick's Concert

The concert presented by the children of the Convent School, St. Patrick's was again repeated last evening, when a most creditable performance of song and dance was given. A splendid programme specially prepared and fulfilled, delighted a large audience, and many of those present have declared their intention of again attending the affair which will be repeated as a matinee this afternoon. To the good Nuns of the Convent much credit is due for the careful training they have given their pupils, and the children themselves deserve every praise for their talented performance.

Yankton Shelters at Trepassey

The S.S. Yankton which left here on Wednesday morning for Halifax met the full force of the gale. She got short of coal after getting West of Cape Race and had to put in to Trepassey where she is now waiting for bunkers. It is understood the ship also sustained considerable damage by having her decks swept by heavy seas.

THE WEST COAST TRAGEDY

Further Particulars of Loss of Donald L. Silver.

Further news of the loss of the herring-laden schooner Donald L. Silver with her crew was received yesterday afternoon by General Manager Russell of the N.G. Railway, in the following message:

"To H. J. Russell, from Railway Agent, Robinson's: 'James McIsaac from Heatherton, reports picking up body of one man at Fishells. Vessel's name was Donald L. Silver, with load of Scotch packed herring. Schooner broken up in pieces. Can't identify the names of the bodies picked up. Please notify the authorities.'"

"Sgd. G. Cobb." The Silver was a well-known vessel in the herring-carrying trade, having been engaged in that capacity for several winters. She left Wood's Island, Bay of Islands on Tuesday last, bound for her home port, carrying a cargo of 1010 barrels of herring, 150 barrels of pickled, and 232 barrels of Scotch cured herring. Evidently she got caught in the storm of the following day before getting clear of the coast, and was probably seeking shelter in St. George's Bay when disaster overtook her. She carried a crew of about five men.

The following additional messages concerning the loss of the Silver, were received last evening and this morning:

"Fort aux Basques, Jan. 3—Collector at Robinson's wires four bodies picked up. Schooner's name Donald L. Silver."

"Curling, Jan. 3—Schooner Donald L. Silver, Joseph Hackett master and owner, lost and all hands. Five bodies recovered, including the Captain. Vessel was owned here."

M. J. McEVROY. "Curling, Jan. 3—(To the Justice Department)—Schooner Donald Silver, Capt. Joseph Hackett and six men which cleared with bulk herring recently, is lost with all hands, near Bank Hr. Five bodies picked up so far not identified."

MAGISTRATE SCOTT. St. George's, Jan. 3—The following message was received from the railway agent at Robinson's. Mr. James McIsaac picked up body of man at Berry Hill yesterday afternoon. Name of vessel drove ashore was Donald L. Silver and report of another body being picked up at Fishells this morning. Cargo containing Scotch cured herring. Vessel totally broken up and driven ashore.

From St. George's, Jan. 4—Following message from S. A. Butt, schooner foundered at Heatherton. Four bodies found on shore. Informer Hackett master; five all told. No train to-day. Snowing. G. T. CARTY."

Stole \$200 Watch

A member of the Silver's crew was arrested last night, under warrant, charged with stealing a wrist watch, valued at \$200, a beaded necklace and a fancy comb, from the Crosbie Hotel, the property of the Proprietress, Mrs. S. K. Bell. It seems that the man went into the Crosbie to treat some friends and while under the influence of liquor, wandered into Mrs. Bell's room and appropriated the aforementioned articles, all of which were recovered on his arrest. Taking all the circumstances into consideration, Judge Morris this morning let the culprit off with a \$25. fine. A woman without a home, who was also before Court was remanded for eight days.

The Ogilvie Flour Mills Co., Ltd., are millers by appointment to His Majesty King George V., and

WINDSOR PATENT "Canada's Best Flour"

is so called because it is the flour used at Windsor Castle, the home of royalty. INSIST ON YOUR DEALER SUPPLYING IT.

PERSONAL

Sir M. P. Cashin left by the S.S. Silvia this morning for Halifax on a business visit.

Mrs. Richard O'Reilly met with a painful accident yesterday afternoon, when she slipped and fell on the steps while coming out of the Post Office. She injured her back somewhat and had to be conveyed to her home nearby.

Mr. W. J. Higgins, who has been confined to his home with a severe illness for the past few weeks, is now completely recovered and his many friends were delighted to see him out yesterday for a short while.

Sir Patrick McGrath who for the past few months has been in England and Canada, is now enroute to this city from Montreal.

Mr. Silvia Murphy of New York is at present visiting friends in this city. Mr. Murphy was born in St. John's, but for many years past has resided in America where he owns a flourishing business establishment.

Mr. J. H. Penman leaves for America on a business trip to-day.

Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Wood are passengers on the Silvia sailing to-day.

Rev. Father M. O'Kelly, who has been visiting his sister at St. Patrick's Convent, leaves by the Silvia to-day enroute to Australia.

Dr. Parsons, Supt. of the Lunatic Asylum, leaves by the Silvia to-day on a trip to America. He will be accompanied by his wife and two children.

Mr. P. J. Shea is a passenger outward by to-day's Silvia.

Lady Crosbie and Miss D. Crosbie are passengers outward by the Silvia.

Mr. Joseph P. Stick, buyer for the British Import Co. leaves by the Silvia for the American markets on business for his firm.

Mr. J. W. Tessier of the Valley Nurseries leaves for New York to-day on the Silvia.

Mr. R. Cramm, M.H.A., left by the Silvia this morning on a business trip to Halifax.

The weather across country last night was stormy, with a north-west gale and snow on the Topsails.

Relics From Tut's Tomb Enroute To Washington

HALIFAX, N.S., Jan. 5—Eighty-four tons of relics from the tomb of Tutankhamen were on board the Crisfield, which was in port to-day from Calcutta and Port Said, for fuel oil, enroute to Philadelphia. The relics are for the National Museum at Washington.

LUXOR, Egypt, Jan. 5—With the discovery of the colossal sarcophagus enclosed in a nest of four wondrous shrines, the question whether the mortal remains of Pharaoh lie in this mortuary chapel, may be finally decided. The sarcophagus has remained intact through thirty centuries inviolated by tomb robbers, and was laid to view by Howard Carter and his associates to-day in all its glory. It was one of the most momentous occasions in Egypt, bringing fruit to so much toil, reward for so much disappointment and crowning a long and mighty effort. The task of Tutankhamen was found to be composed of pink Assuan granite. It constituted the first time in history that an unviolated sepulchre of a king of ancient Egypt has been discovered in a coffin of graven stone of workmanship rivaling the greatest masterpieces. There most undoubtedly lies enclosed in magnificent mummy cases the body of the king as priests laid him to rest more than three thousand years ago.

\$15,000 TENDER FOR "BLUENOSE"

HALIFAX, N.S., Jan. 5—A meeting here to-day of the Halifax shareholders of the Bluenose, decided to send a committee to Lunenburg Monday next, when a general meeting of the shareholders will decide whether or not to accept the tender of fifteen thousand dollars, offered by Lunenburg man who wishes to purchase the vessel.

TWO VILLAGES ARE DESTROYED

83 Victims of Earthquake In Russian Turkestan. MOSCOW, Jan. 5—An earthquake on Dec. 29th in Russian Turkestan, near the town of Urah, destroyed two villages, comprising four hundred houses. Eighty-three people were killed. These advices were received to-day in despatches from Tashkent. The quake left wide fissures in the earth over a wide area and isolated the district from communication from the outside world.

Short Circuit Cause of Flames Newspaper Office

NEW YORK, Jan. 5—Flames starting from a short circuit in the press room of The World Newspaper Bldg. last night, ran up the elevator shaft to the 14th floor and forced a general evacuation of the news and lithographing rooms; but were soon extinguished with little damage and no interruption to the edition of the paper.

No Arrest Made The police have, as yet, made no arrest in connection with the finding of the infant's body on Thursday afternoon.

EXPRESS DUE Thursday's express is due at 4.20 to-day.

SHIPPING NOTES

The Watuka sailed at 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon for Sydney.

The Sabie I. leaves Halifax for here on the 8th.

The schooner Frank H. Adams, Capt. Morgan, sheltered at St. Pierre during Wednesday's storm. She leaves for this port today with fish from Burin.

The S.S. Glencoe was placed on dock yesterday to have a new propeller shipped.

The schooner Inspiration, 52 days from Pernambuco, in ballast, arrived yesterday, consigned to Jas. Baird, Ltd. The vessel harbored at Trepassey en route and was towed in by the tug Hugh D.

The S.S. Shenstone which has been lying at Shea and Co's wharf for some time past, has cleared for Sydney in ballast. She will probably sail to-day.

The schooner Ester Hankinson sailed for Bahia yesterday morning with a cargo of sh from Nfld. Produce Co.

The S. S. Skulda has sailed for Oporto from Harbor Buffett taking a cargo of 9,000 qts. codfish, shipped by Albert Wareham and W. Wareham.

The Portia left Halifax at 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon for Humbermouth to take another cargo of herring for the Nova Scotia port. The ship is bringing general cargo for the Armstrong W. Itworth Co.

The Prospero has not been reported since leaving Seal Cove on the 3rd. last.

HERRING MORE PLENTIFUL AT SPRINGDALE

Message Received From Government Herring Inspector Says Fish Have Struck In and Outlook Better.

Fisheries Department Has Extended Herring Season to Jan. 30th to Assist People.

A message to the Department of Marine and Fisheries from the herring inspector, for the Springdale section of Twillingate District, states herring have now struck in at Springdale and the outlook is much better. The prevailing bad weather hinders what would otherwise be a successful fishery this week.

Up to quite recently, very little herring have been taken either in Springdale or Little Bay Island sections, and the catch is, to date, very much below last year, when the fishery was hardly an average catch. This year's shortage has resulted in the request for an extension of the herring season from the ordinary closing date, Jan. 15th, to Jan. 31st, which request has been granted, we understand, by the Department of Fisheries, in order to assist the people.

On the West Coast, conditions are much better, although the extension will be granted that section if circumstances warrant it. The Department has informed Inspector A. Morgan, accordingly.

The S.S. Seal came off dry dock yesterday and hauled to Baine Johnston & Co's premises, South Side.

M. C. L. I.

Programme for 1924

January 10.—Resolved: That modern entertainment and sport tend to moral degeneracy.

Jan. 17.—Resolved: That the alienation of the Labrador to the Dominion of Canada for financial consideration will prove inimical to the best interests of Newfoundland.

Jan. 24.—Resolved: That the granting of a bonus on codfish would retard the economic recovery of Newfoundland.

Feb. 7.—Resolved: That France is justified and well advised in her occupation of the Ruhr.

Feb. 14.—Open night.

Feb. 21.—Resolved: That the Norwegian system of catching and curing fish by systematic groups is superior to ours, making standardization possible and should be adopted by Newfoundland.

Feb. 28.—Resolved: That Newfoundland land would be well advised to surrender her charter of responsible government and revert to the status of a Crown Colony.

March 6.—Three-sided debate. Resolved: That of the three policies, (Conservative, Liberal and Labor) submitted to the electorate at the recent British elections, that that of the Party was in the best interests of the Empire.

March 13.—Which discovery or invention ranks first in achievement and general benefit to mankind.

March 20 Open night.

March 27.—Resolved: That a University education that lacks a definite professional objective is not conducive to the success of the pupil in life's career.

April 3.—Resolved: That the St. John's Municipal Council should raise sufficient funds by a bond issue, to install water and sewerage systems necessary in city streets; improve sidewalks and pave Duckworth and New Gower Streets.

April 10.—Annual Meeting.

CHURCH SERVICES

CHURCH OF ENGLAND Cathedral—7 and 8, Holy Communion; 10, Mattins; 11, Holy Communion (choral); (3, C. M. B. C. in Synod Building); 4.15, Holy Baptism; 6.30, Evening Service.

St. Thomas's—8, Holy Communion; 11, Morning Prayer, Holy Communion and sermon, preacher, the Rector; 2.45, Sunday Schools and Bible Classes; 4, Holy Baptism; 6.30, Evening Prayer and sermon, preacher Rev. G. O. Lightbourn; subject, "Faith or Despair"—a sermon for those in doubt.

St. Mary the Virgin—8, Holy Communion; 11, Mattins and Holy Communion; 2.30, Sunday Schools; 2.45, Bible Classes in Church, address by Dr. W. W. Blackall; 4, Holy Baptism; 6.30, Evensong and dedication of gifts by the Bishop of Newfoundland.

St. Michael and All Angels—(Feast of Epiphany)—8, Holy Communion; 10, Mattins; 11, Holy Eucharist (sung); 2.30, Sunday School and Catechism; 4.15, Holy Baptism; 6.30, Evensong and carols.

METHODIST Gower St.—11 and 6.30, Rev. Hammond Johnson.

George St.—11 and 6.30, Rev. R. E. Fairbairn. Morning subject: "The use, misuse and abuse of the Bible"; Evening subject: "The MAN Jesus Christ."

Cochrane St.—11 and 6.30, Rev. C. H. Johnson.

Wesley—11 and 6.30, Rev. J. C. Joyce.

PRESBYTERIAN St. Andrew's—11 and 6.30, Rev. Robert J. Power, M.A.

CONGREGATIONAL Queen's Road—11 and 6.30, Rev. T. B. Darby, D.D.

International Bible Students Association, Victoria Hall—7, Discourse: "If Christ died for all, shall not all have an opportunity for everlasting life?"

The Halibut Good Hope, sailed for Labrador at 1.30 a.m. to-day. She will engage in trawling on the recently discovered bank during the winter months.

St. John's Lodge, Installation

The installation of the W. M. elect, and the investment of the other officers of St. John's Lodge, No. 579, E.C., A.F. & A.M., took place in Masonic Temple last evening; the ceremony being performed by the R. W. District Grand Master, Wor. Bro. J. R. Bennett, assisted by other officers of the District Grand Lodge. The visitors included R. W. Bro. Hon. Tasker Cook, District Grand Master, under the Scottish Constitution. The new officers of St. John's Lodge are:

W. M.—Bro. T. Soper.
I. P. M.—W. Bro. E. S. Pinsent.
S. W.—Pro. P. B. Rendell.
J. W.—Bro. P. R. Clarke.
Chaplain—Bro. Rev. A. Tulk.
Treasurer—Bro. W. N. Gray.
Secretary—Bro. Eric Jerrett.
D. of C.—Bro. H. Dava.
S. D.—Bro. J. A. W. McNeilly.
J. D.—Bro. H. F. Glass.
Organist—Bro. E. For.
I. G.—Bro. P. F. Berteau.
Stewards—Bro. J. C. Joel.
Bro. F. J. Wornell.
Tyler—Bro. Geo. Morris.

Following the usual congratulatory addresses, a handsome Past Master's Jewel was presented to Bro. Earl Pinsent, who for two years had served the lodge faithfully and well. The meeting having closed, the brethren retired to the banquet room, where a couple of hours were profitably spent around the festive board.

Silvia's Passengers

The S.S. Silvia sailed for Halifax and New York this morning, taking a full freight and the following passengers—Joseph P. Stick, J. W. Tessier, H. M. Byrne, J. M. Hearn, J. H. McDonald, Dr. and Mrs. Parsons and two children, P. J. Shea, Miss Mare, J. H. Penman, Miss D. Crosbie, Lady Crosbie, Hon. R. E. Finn, Mr. Hooks, Sir M. P. Cashin, R. Cramm and 10 second class.

The Prince's Rink will open for the season this afternoon, there being now a fine sheet of ice thereon.

AUCTION

CHARMING OLD FURNITURE On Monday and Tuesday,

Jan 7th and 8th

At the residence of MRS. (DR.) SCULLY 265 Duckworth Street

Part Household Furniture. Inventory in to-morrow's News. House open for inspection from 3 to 5 Saturday afternoon.

DOWDEN & EDWARDS Jan 4, Sat Mon. Auctioneers.

CARD

HOWLEY and JERRETT Wm. R. Howley, K.C., Eric Jerrett, LL.B. Barristers, Solicitors, etc. Board of Trade Building, St. John's, Newfoundland. Jan 2, 5, 12, 1924

WANTED:—At early date, a housemaid who understands general housework and plain cooking. Experience necessary. Good wages. For further information communicate with MRS. FRANK SAUNDERS, Gander Bay.

Earn \$10-\$20 a week, spare time, home, representing music publisher; addressing, mailing music orders, circulars. Send 10c. for music, information. AMERICAN MUSIC CO., 1658 Broadway, Dept. B.25, N.Y. J2 61

HAIR SWITCHES made up out of combings. MISS M. R. STANLEY, c/o 62 Patrick Street. J4 61

FOR SALE—Schr. Annie E. FRANCIS, with her fishing gear; 65 tons; 5 years old. Apply GEORGE V. PARSONS, Glovertown, B.B. 31 eod PARSONS, Glovertown, B.B. 343 eod.

Newfoundland Government Railway.

FREIGHT NOTICE

PLACENTIA BAY STEAMSHIP SERVICE.

Freight will not be accepted today, Saturday, for the Merasheen Route. Acceptances until further notice will be as follows:

Merasheen Route (Bay Run).....Tuesdays
Presque Route (West Run).....Thursdays

PLACENTIA BAY STEAMSHIP SERVICE

Passengers leaving St. John's on 8.45 a.m. train Monday, Jan. 7th, will connect with S. S. Argyle, at Argentia, for usual ports in Placentia Bay, on Merasheen Route.

NOTICE.

Weather conditions permitting, the following parts of the railway, namely:—Bonavista Branch, Bay de Verde Branch, Trepassey Branch will be operated up to January 15th, 1924, and on and after that date said branch lines will be closed to traffic. Due notification of reopening will be given.

EAST END MEAT MARKET

PLYMOUTH ROAD. WISEMAN & HAWKINS, Proprietors.

TO THE OUTPORT TRADE

We are prepared to supply SAUSAGES at all times in 50 lb. kegs or any quantity, also PUDDINGS.

"QUALITY" our motto.

dec11,2w,ed,then eod